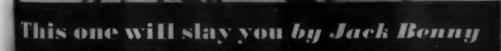
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RACKED WITH POVERTY, ANTIGONISH TRIED A NEW KIND OF SHIRTSLEEVES DEMOCRACY—AND MADE IT WORK



BEATING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

by MICHAEL EVANS

In Nova Scotta there is a little community named Antigonish. It is not famous for size, for beauty, for industries nor for a proud and heroic history. Antigonish is very small. It lies on a bleak and barren coast where even in summer the cold winds blow ceaselessly from the empty stretches of the north Atlantic.

The town has no industry by big business standards and no history but that of the plain and poor. The reason for the fame of Antigonish—if you can call it fame—is none of the usual things. Antigonish is unique in only one sense. This cold-bitten, wind-swept little community is a living, breathing cradle of democracy.

What connection, you may ask, has Antigonish with the cost of pork chops for tonight's supper? How will Antigonish help get an honest dollar's value when a man goes to market for the week's groceries on Saturday? Can Antigonish stretch a pay-check to keep the family larder filled with bacon, eggs and butter, what with prices going up and up?

It can and here's the reason. Up in Antigonish they practice a shirtsleeves kind of democracy that sheds its coat and vest and has nothing to do with the high-falluting oratory of political campaigns and Fourth of July celebrations. This sort of democracy is related to the price of eggs as closely as 20-below zero weather in winter.

The name of it is Co-Operation. That's a common word. You hear it in "Let's pull together, boys," speeches at the luncheon clubs and civic meetings. But Antigonish has put Co-Operation to work. Nova Scotia fisher folk haven't any monopoly on this sort of Co-Operation. It's the basis of the famous "Middle Way" between Capitalism and Totalitarianism which Scandinavia found before the war. Several million Americans have learned about it. too, and the number has grown these past few years like field corn in hot July. But to millions more of us the Co-Operative movement remains vague and cloudy. We don't know what a Co-Op is or how to put one to work for ourselves.

THERE ARE many varieties of Co-Ops. A mutual insurance company is a Co-Op, at least in theory. So is a New England town meeting. The kind we're interested in particularly is called the Consumer Co-Op. We are all consumers—from the sons of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to the section hands of the Northern Pacific. We all consume. We buy clothes to wear, food to eat and gasoline to run our 1938 Plymouth. Consumption is the common denominator that links the richest financier and the poorest sharecropper in the U.S.A. We all meet over the market counter.

The idea of Co-Operation as a fire lane through the economic

wilderness toward a better form of life is rooted deep in the American continent. The colonies of the Pilgrims at Plymouth and John Smith at Jamestown staked their life or death on Co-Operation. At Plymouth they co-operated and the colony prospered. At Jamestown they didn't and the colony was wiped out.

We've come a long way from Jamestown and Plymouth. In our big cities most of us would get into a fine mess if we took time off from the bank or store to help a neighbor build his new house. And we wouldn't get very far trying to run a great steel mill or the Pennsylvania railroad on a "Co-Op" basis. But Co-Operation in buying—Consumer Co-Operation—is both practical and efficient. That has been demonstrated.

It was almost a century ago that the Consumer Co-Operation movement got started. The year was 1844 and England was in ferment over the effects of the Industrial Revolution. Prices were high. Wages were low. There was no New Deal, little social legislation. A group of twenty-eight weavers who lived at Rochdale, in England, thought that something should be done. They formed themselves into a society which they called the Equitable Pioneers

and announced the principles on which it would operate. These principles—unchanged to this day —are the rules by which every successful Consumers' Co-Op has been operated.

Here are the principles of the Rochdale weavers:

- 1. Democratic membership: Any person and any number of persons may join by buying a share of stock. No bar for reasons of color, creed or political belief.
- 2. Democratic control: One member, one vote, no matter how much stock the member holds. No proxies. Each man and each woman has an equal voice in the management.
- 3. Limited return on investment: Co-Ops are run to provide good quality at low cost. You buy a share of stock to cut the cost of beans and shoes, not to make a Wall Street profit.
- 4. Sell at market prices: Co-Ops don't start price wars. Nor do they boost the mark-up in order to sweeten dividends.
- 5. Profit to purchasers: The more you buy the more you get back in dividend rebates. Purchasers get all the profits after provision of reserves for expansion and limited interest on the capital.
- 6. Sell for cash only: There's no getting around it, cash trading

saves money. Remember Macy's?

Simple, eh? So simple that you wonder why Co-Op merchandising hasn't swept the country. All you do is buy a share of Co-Op stock for five dollars and then trade at the Co-Op store.

But, as you know, the fact is that Consumer Co-Operation hasn't swept the country. True, it's growing fast. In the last five or six years the membership of Consumer Co-Ops has probably doubled. At that the figure is only a little over 1,500,000 persons and the Consumer Co-Op share of the national retail market is one of those little fractions that statisticians use to describe a drop in the bucket.

Well, there are some good reasons for that.

For one thing, in spite of all the mud-slinging and criticism, American business is pretty efficient. It sells suits and dresses, bread and baking powder, soap and salt, rugs and lawn mowers, at reasonably low prices. Co-Ops have shown they can sell better goods at lower prices but they have to keep humping to beat outfits like Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward and the A. & P.

Then, of course, there are the everyday, human reasons.

It takes a certain amount of gitup-and-go to start a Co-Op. You have to study up on Co-Ops and sell a lot of people on the idea. It takes even more drive to keep a Co-Op running after the first blush of enthusiasm wears off. After all a Co-Op is a grocery store, or an oil station (you'd be surprised to know that in some Western states a third or more of all oil and gas is sold by Co-Ops). And the day by day operation of a grocery store or an oil station is pretty much on the routine side.

We Americans, perhaps more than others, are apt to be impressed by window-dressing. The Co-Op idea is naked in its functional simplicity. We can do our bit for democracy and save a nickel on the price of a can of tomatoes while we're at it. Somehow, that doesn't fit in with the kind of life we know. We expect any good cause to cost us money. So when somebody comes up and says Co-Operation is a swell thing, it is real democracy and it will save you money we look at them with a jaundiced look and say: "Where's the catch?"

Well, there isn't any.

Sometimes you will hear Co-Ops attacked as a threat to the Capitalist system. Those attacks generally come from the same people who consider Democracy a threat to Capitalism. Here's their reasoning: Co-Ops belong to their customers. The profits go to the customers. They don't go to stockholders. If Co-Ops do all the business we have Socialism, not Capitalism.

That hardly states the whole case. A Co-Op can stay in business only so long as it does a better job than its competitors. It must give the consumer-owner more for his money than he can get in ordinary private stores. The essence of Capitalism is competition. If the private store can't meet the competition of the Co-Op then it hasn't any excuse to continue. If it can, why worry?

What, specifically, can a Co-Op do for you?

It can sell you goods of established, graded quality. There is no incentive to palm off slackfilled cartons, sub-standard canned goods, shoddy vegetables or fancy priced meats. Every article is just what you pay for.

The more you buy the bigger your dividend. The "profits" of the business go to you, the customer. If you don't trade, you don't profit. There aren't any coupon-clippers.

You save money. An executive of one of the country's biggest re-

tail concerns estimates your possible savings at 25 per cent. Conservative Co-Ops claim their members' purchasing power is boosted 10 per cent. You probably spend a third of your money on goods which a Co-Op could handle. That means a possible \$5 raise on a \$50-a-week salary—if you buy co-operatively.

What are the drawbacks?

Co-Ops aren't Utopia. You can't shop around if you are going to make the most of your Co-Op. This may not be so convenient if the Co-Op isn't on your corner. Other stores may have "specials" on certain items which are cheaper than your Co-Op price. If your Co-Op is new and small it won't carry everything you want.

You don't have to tell anyone out in the farm country about the Co-Op. In rural areas the Co-Op is an everyday institution. Most of them started as producers' Co-Ops to enable farmers to send their wheat, corn or cattle to market and to buy fertilizer for the fields and oil for the tractors. Some still stick to that. But many have sprouted consumer sidelines.

One innovation is almost a story in itself. This is the Co-Op cold storage locker plant. You will find these plants in many small towns of the Midwest. The plants are equipped with individual lockers—300 or more—each holding 150 to 250 pounds of meat or other food. The lockers rent for about ten dollars a year. You buy your meat in bulk when the market touches bottom, bring it in and store it until you're ready to eat it. If you're a farmer you bring your slaughter to the locker instead of salting or canning the meat. This cold storage idea has possibilities for big city residents, too, but so far they haven't been developed.

THAT BRINGS us back to Antigonish, shirtsleeves democracy and the high cost of living.

Antigonish is a laboratory experiment in what Co-Operation can do for a community. It's done the same thing for other towns but nowhere so dramatically. A few years back this area of Nova Scotia was one of the poorhouses of the world. It was like Ireland in the time of the famine, except that the famine came every year. It was like the dust bowl counties of the Southwest except that there was no dust, only poverty, starvation, illness and tragedy. The eyes of the people were glazed and dull. Their faces were pinched and chalky. They did not smile.

Today Antigonish and the com-

munities along that bleak coast are neat. They are not prosperous but they are busy. There are no idle hands. The men fish. They market their catch. They cut wood and sell their wood. They farm. They have dairy cattle. They have chickens. They have food to eat and warm clothes on their backs.

They co-operate. They co-operate in buying. They co-operate in selling. The change that has come over Antigonish is like a miracle. It's not, of course. It is due to Father Coady and his St. Francis Xavier College which brought the idea of Co-Operation to Antigonish and showed the Nova Scotians how they could lift them-

selves by their own bootstraps.

We can't expect the dividends from Co-Operation that Antigonish reaped. We're pretty well off as we are. But Co-Operation can help teach us practical democracy. And the tuition bill will be a reduction in the high cost of living.

----Suggestions for further reading:

A B C OF COOPERATIVES
by G. Richardson \$2.00
Longmans, Green & Co., New York
DEMOCRATIC SWEDEN
by Moreout Color and Charles Smith \$2.00

by Margaret Cole and Charles Smith \$3.00 The Greystone Press, Inc., New York

COOPERATIVE ENTERPRISE
by Jacob Baker
The Vanguard Press, New York
SURVEY OF THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT
by Andrew J. Kress
#4.00
Harper & Brothers, New York

A LITTLE BIRD SHALL LEAD THEM

TMMANUEL KANT, the German philosopher, was highly susceptible to the influence of alcohol, and for this reason rarely indulged. Occasionally, however, at a gathering of friends, he drank some beer. The morning after one such party, his housekeeper inquired how he had managed to come home, since it had been a very dark night and Kant was very near-sighted.

"Yes, it was dark," said the

philosopher, "but my kind host, the professor, allowed me to take a bright lantern to light my way."

Just then there was a knock on the door and a messenger from the professor entered bearing a note, which read:

"My dear Kant,

"Would you be good enough to return the canary in the cage which you took along last night?"

-ALBERT BRANDT

THEY LIVED UP TO THE SPECIFICATIONS: "LIQUID EYES, SYLPH-LIKE FIGURES AND BEAUTIFULLY ROUNDED LIMBS"



SERPENT WOMEN OF NEW ORLEANS

by RAYMOND GROW

In the rich and merry city of New Orleans, there appeared a race of exotic women who were the most beautiful mistresses ever to pleasure an American lover. They were called Quadroons and there has been nothing before or since in the robust history of America to compare with the charms these strange women cast over their white lovers. Many a man lost his heart and sometimes his head over a pretty Quadroon.

As their name implies they possessed one-quarter Negro blood, the rest being Creole, French and, at times, Spanish. Those with one-eighth colored blood were named Octoroons. Their complexions glowed from a burnished saddle color to a rich, ivory cream. Their figures would have made a Billy Rose hop about on one foot.

Throughout a hectic existence they were the rich man's darlings and the devils of respectable women. They endured the wrath of the Spanish rule of New Orleans, they lived during the French occupation of Louisiana and finally were driven into oblivion by the Civil War and the Americanization of the Delta region. They rivaled, in their heyday, the famous mistresses of the decadent French kings.

The gay young bloods of New Orleans and other men with blood not so young, but just as gay, led them a joyous life, clothed them in silks, satins and jewels, and housed them in little, white, onestory cottages along the present line of Rampart street.

Rare was the wealthy bachelor who did not keep a Quadroon, but rarer still was the young man who did not want one. If he could afford it, the procedure was simple. He hied himself to a certain park in New Orleans or to a Quadroon ball where, on parade, were young Quadroons, exhibited by their mothers.

When the man found one to his liking he went first to the mother, arranged for ample money to support the girl, and gave security that she would be taken care of should he grow tired of her. Then he was permitted to pay court to the Quadroon who had the right (but records do not reveal one ever doing so) to refuse his advances.

Preliminaries done, the girl was placée and she gave a party to her friends just as a Creole girl gave a wedding breakfast. As long as she remained faithful to her protector there was no scandal on her name among her own people. Infidelity was the exception and few Quadroons ever became prostitutes.

IN THEIR tiny houses the Quadroons lead a leisurely life, which, though it did not equal in respectability that of white women, lacked nothing in comfort and entertainment. Lucky mistresses owned slaves, dressed like queens and often were better educated than the Creoles. Contrast between the two classes of women was somewhat pitiful. The fine figures, faces and clothes of the Quadroons shamed the whites who went about in long, drab dresses with scarcely a cut or fashion.

Ouadroon balls, life blood of the soft-hued women, resembled, at their best, something M. G. M. would stage in a more spendthrift moment. The function itself, the free play of emotion and hint of intrigue would put a glaze in the eye of the most cynical fictioneer. At these balls, the Quadroons charmed and consorted with the cream of American and European society. The balls excelled the dances given by Creole society and if the two affairs fell on the same night, young blades deserted to the Ouadroons. Creole men were quick to resent a slur or fancied insult upon their mistresses. More duels originated at Quadroon balls than at any other place.

An English nobleman once wrote of the Quadroons:

"The most beautiful I had ever seen, resembling the higher order of women among the high caste Hindoos, lovely countenances, full, dark, liquid eyes, lips of coral, teeth of pearl, sylph-like figures and such beautifully rounded limbs and exquisite gait and manners that they might furnish models for a Venus or a Hebe."

It was easy for a man to break off with his Quadroon. A letter telling her she could call the house and furniture her own, or a newspaper announcement of his marriage to a white woman were enough. The departing lover usually saw that his mistress was heeled with enough cash to set herself up in business if she liked.

And with a paradoxical change of pace many Quadroons, upon losing their lovers, changed from butterflies of society to astute, penny-pinching business women. They became modistes, hair dressers, kept boarding houses for rich bachelors. Some became extremely wealthy, purchased plantations, cargo ships and sent their children to France to be educated.

When the Americans pushed into New Orleans with their silver dollars, cuss words and schemes for making quick money, the Quadroons were doomed. The Civil War completed the rout. The infiltration of the Carpetbaggers sent many of them North where some succeeded in passing themselves off as whites. A few had businesses to keep them going. But the Period of Reconstruction marked the end of the era of

America's first glamour girls.

But their flavor lingered. Today in the writings and letters of Lafcadio Hearn, America's misanthrope of literature, can be read the tale of his love for a Quadroon and how, fearing the death kiss of her charms, he exerted all his will power to break off with his coffee colored mistress. Hearn called her a serpent woman and said her temptation was always before him.

The Quadroons left behind them a strange history of condemnation and of pleasure. They were knifed at all times by white women who regarded them as the community's deadliest enemies, as killers of domestic peace and as evil women who corrupted the morals of men.

On the other hand they gave much joy and companionship to all kinds of men. They were gracious, witty, beautiful, educated, kind and faithful. But they were of colored blood and they were mistresses. And so, by a changing world and by social decorum, they were destroyed never to be seen again in the United States.

Raymond Grow, 26 years old and a graduate of Marquette University, is a free lance contributor to newspapers and magazines. In New Orleans, last summer, he lived in the old French Quarter, roaming the narrow streets where the Creole young bloods he describes once passed to visit their Quadroons, His home town is Gary, Indiana.

A legend says that long ago the gods, fearing that man might become too proud of his understanding, began a collection of authentic but unreasonable tales. The legend is not true: the following tales are. They come from man's own file of Forgotten Mysteries.

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

Anna Monaro, patient in the Pirano, Italy, hospital slept fitfully in the dawn hours. Three eminent physicians, Drs. Vitali, Trabacchi, and De Sanctis, sat watching her. Suddenly a wisp of blue light, a flickering unearthly flame glowed on the woman's breast. It faded, brightened, faded again. The doctors bent close. They agreed that the flame cast no shadow.

For days the physicians had been arranging this test. The woman had been searched, the room had been examined, the nurse had been changed, all possible outside sources of light had been eliminated.

The strange glow which flicked on Signora Monaro's breast had first been noticed by hospital attendants. Skeptical doctors had come to disprove; they had stayed to prepare a foolproof test.

They saw the light. They declared "fraud of any kind was impossible." They so reported. The case was filed with the forgotten.



CARVED into a sheer rock wall in the mountains of the Havea region, near Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, is an inscription which is most inordinately out of place. How the three foot characters were carved in the inaccessible rock is something of a mystery, but that is only the beginning, for the inscription is in *Phoenician*.

By all rules of archeology the Phoenicians stayed quietly in and about the Mediterranean. But Brazilian archeologist B. da Silva Ramos states that the inscription at Havea is undoubtedly Phoenician. Prof. L. Schwennhagen agrees emphatically. When they made a report, there was a small stir. That was ten years ago.

If the Phoenicians were in America, world history needs rewriting.



CASE 719, as simply recorded by the attending nurse, Diana Laurance, was perhaps too interesting medically. Therefore, it was not filed with medical curiosities, but with the forgotten.

The facts are starkly simple. Case 719, a handsome European in his early thirties, was brought to one of the largest hospitals in a South China port. He was suffering from a severe inflammation of the right foot. Specialists were called in but were unable to diagnose the case. Every conceivable treatment was tried. None were successful. Strangely enough, the inflammation was confined to a localized portion of the foot. After a week, the inflamed portion of the foot was amputated.

Immediately the same region of the other foot became inflamed. Although doctors, now intensely interested, tried every type of treatment, although more specialists were called in, the foot followed the same course as the other. Again it was necessary to amputate. No one who had been called into consultation on the case ever identified the disease.

During his convalescence, Case 719 told all of the story. The day before he entered the hospital he had become infuriated at a Chinese funeral party which was crossing his property. He had kicked a jar containing the ashes of a Chinese.

The leader of the horrified funeral party came forward. He touched the white man's feet. He muttered in Chinese. Then he walked away.

That was all. The rest is told in the hospital record.



FOUR TIMES during the years 1921 and 1922 strange motor accidents occurred at a certain spot on the road to Post Bridge in Dartmoor, England. In each case a car or motorcycle unaccountably swerved off the highway. There was one death and several injuries.

In each case the driver reluctantly told the same story: "something like invisible hands seized me, and forced me off the road." The invisible force in Dartmoor was widely discussed. The London Daily Mail ran several articles on it. Nobody explained. Filing directions: with the forgotten.

-R. DEWITT MILLER

ALTRO WORKERS TAKE TWO HOURS FOR LUNCH, FOUR WEEKS FOR VACATION AND ADJOURN TO THE ROOF GARDEN IF THEY BECOME FATIGUED



SEWING MACHINES FOR HEALTH

by LEONARD ALLEN

THE time clock at the Altro Work Shops in uptown New York has a unique purpose—to make certain that none of the employees works too long. They all report at 9 A.M., leave at 5 P.M. and receive a full day's pay, but some work as little as three hours.

Doesn't this mean quick bankruptcy for Altro? No, it has been a going concern for twenty-five years, selling uniforms successfully to hotels, restaurants and hospitals in a competitive market.

But this is no industrial Utopia. Just a hard-headed practical humanitarian enterprise putting into effect what is gradually being acknowledged as a leading factor in man's fight against one of his greatest enemies—tuberculosis. This factor is industrial convalescence. Its aim: to prepare those nearly cured of the disease for the

difficult return to normal communal and business life.

For the employees of Altro are men and women recently discharged from sanitoriums, yet not deemed physically or psychologically capable of facing immediately the burdens of holding down a job. In the sheltered atmosphere of a factory which strictly controls their hours and working conditions, they are gradually tided over the trying adjustment from invalidism to the workaday world.

Some quarter-century ago a siege of hospitalization, with medical attention, rest, good food and fresh air, was considered a complete cure for T.B. With a glib suggestion to "find an outdoor job with light work," the patient was sent out from the sanitorium to seek, without aid, rehabilitation, possibly the most difficult

element in his fight against a wasting, exhausting disease. Since his bank account had been swallowed up by mounting medical costs long ago, his rehabilitation meant, in most cases, finding a job quickly to resume support of his family. "Outdoor jobs with light work" or part-time positions befitting his depleted strength were rarities. Often he had only the choice of high-pressure factory life or manual labor, each virtually suicidal for a person who still required a strength-conserving regimen.

A survey of patients discharged from two sanitoriums in New York State showed that about half of them suffered relapses or died within a year and a half after returning home. The result was a tremendous waste for societythe possibility of infection for other persons; further hospital treatment for the victims; and usually the need for increased public aid to their families. The question immediately arose: Of what avail were clinics to discover tuberculosis or hospitals to arrest its course, if all this effort and expense were to be nullified within a year or two after the patients had returned to normal life?

THREE charitable organizations in New York — the Montefiore

Hospital, the Free Synagogue Social Service Department and the United Hebrew Charities-working jointly as the Committee for the Care of the Jewish Tuberculous, Inc., set out to solve that problem. Apparently, the Committee reasoned, the jobs available to recuperative patients made it impossible for them to continue the program of good food, fresh air and ample rest needed to insure their complete recovery. But if we can find employment to carry them over from the time they leave the sanitorium to a point where they can work a seven-hour day without impairing their health, we have really completed a tuberculosis cure. Private industry cannot provide such jobs. Why, then, can't we organize a business of our own designed specifically for that purpose?

That idea grew into the Altro Work Shops, Inc., a factory for the manufacture of workshirts, started with twenty rented sewing machines in a reconditioned loft in the East Bronx. It was designed to be as self-supporting as possible, but the Committee stood ready to make up any reasonable deficit. The firm was to pay its workers a living wage for whatever hours the doctors said they could work without overtaxing their strength.

Hence, the novel time clock to limit their hours.

While Altro maintains strict business efficiency in every other phase of its operation, when it comes to hours of labor the doctor's word always takes precedence. Altro employees are examined regularly at intervals gradually stretching from two weeks to six months. After each examination a limit for the employee's working day—from three hours for beginners to seven hours for those almost ready for private jobs—is recorded on his time card.

A newcomer in Altro reports at 9 A.M. and is sent upstairs to the roof garden to lounge or read for an hour and a half. From 10:30 to noon he works at a light task. After a two-hour period for lunch and further rest he returns to the work floor until 3:30. Then, although his day's work is ended, he may not leave the plant. He must spend eight full hours engaged in either of Altro's two functions, manufacturing or health-building. Thus, he returns to the roof garden to finish out his day. As his strength returns, the employee's hours are gradually lengthened to a full seven-hour day.

Once past a three-month trial period to test out his health and adjustment to the work, the patient-employee is permitted to remain at Altro for as long as the doctors see fit. The average stay is eighteen months, but some 10 per cent of the workers, who are never expected to be fit for regular jobs, will stay indefinitely. The 140 patients work chiefly at sewing machines, but many are occupied in cutting, pressing, clerical work and even selling.

Solicitude for employees extends beyond short hours. They are urged to live near the plant so as to avoid long train trips. A light snack of milk and eggs is served in mid-morning and midafternoon for those who need extra nourishment. For rainy days a clothes dryer in the basement obviates the danger of wearing wet clothes; there are extra stockings and slippers handy for the women. In the hot spells, showers during rest periods contribute to the employee's comfort.

The factory itself, a neat, light and airy two-story structure, is ringed with trees and has a garden adjoining. Special posture chairs and efficient modern machinery ease the strain of working hours. For rest periods, workers can adjourn to a spacious roof garden dotted with steamer chairs and small potted evergreens or to the indoor rest rooms with their library, radio, and even a piano. Employees are assured a two to four week vacation each summer.

Throughout the year, to safeguard the employee's family and to assure him the peace of mind essential to his recuperation, the Committee provides members of his household with medical care and, when advisable, other types of aid. Dental and psychiatric treatment are also available for employees as related forces in the process of industrial convalescence.

When a medical review group decides that an Altro employee is ready to leave for work in private industry, the Committee seeks to help him regain his old job or find a new one through public employment bureaus.

With all this paternalism, Altro's annual operating deficit is surprisingly small. Last year it totaled approximately \$6,000 on a gross business of \$260,000, a loss of 2.3 per cent—well below the subsidy quota permitted by the Committee. This record has been achieved without underselling and in the face of heavy handicaps. Employees, picked for need rather than skill, are paid wages generally above the union scale. The high labor turnover and irregular hours necessitates greater super-

vision. Overcrowding and speedup are tabooed, even in rush periods. The need for open windows keeps fuel costs high.

However, even Altro's small operating loss is, in a broader view, a financial gain. Place against this deficit the vastly higher cost to government or private charities of maintaining some of these 140 employees if they were not employed by Altro. Each relapse alone would mean a minimum sanitorium expense of \$1500 a year.

While Altro makes no effort to play on sympathy to get orders, its humanitarian aspect often proves a hindrance, for potential customers fear possible infection of its products. But the factory's special superheated iron for sterilizing garments, as well as convincing endorsements by health authorities and inspections of the firm's model plant, have allayed the qualms of most purchasing agents. Today, Altro, in its own specially-constructed building. makes uniforms for several of America's largest stores, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, nursing services and industrial plants.

THE MEDICAL results of Altro's work are striking. The relapse rate among its employees has been cut to about one-third the rate for

other convalescents. A survey of a ten-year period showed that 94 per cent of the "alumni" sent out to private industry with the consent of doctors were well and working, and only 2 per cent were unable to work. Such evidence underscores the statement of Louis I. Dublin, third vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who said of Altro in 1936: "This experiment and demonstration is the most important single contribution to the developing tuberculosis campaign in the last twenty-one years."

Psychologically, Altro has added other significant achievements. It has enabled the tuberculous to escape from the morass of invalidism and dependency and regain their self-respect and their sense of belonging again to the normal world. It has helped them redevelop the habit of work and the ability to accept responsibilities which had been lost in the sheltered, regimented life of the sanitorium.

Altro's success has led to the establishment of similar projects in Boston, Colorado Springs, Minneapolis, Detroit, Hudson and Hawaii. These are engaged in such occupations as printing and cabinet work. In addition, many large industrial organizations have successfully adopted programs for

rehabilitating employees for their old jobs by letting them work first part time, eventually full time. This type of rehabilitation is considered, in some respects, even more effective than projects like Altro. Returning to work which they know and associating with old friends decreases the strain on patients.

Despite such progress, facilities for industrial convalescence are still available for less than 2 per cent of the 50,000 tuberculosis victims discharged from sanitoriums each year, whereas experts say at least 25 per cent of them could profit by it. Each of those victims cost the community \$200 to \$4000 for his partial cure. The expense of completing the recovery by a program of industrial convalescence would be relatively insignificant, especially when stacked against the value of preventing relapses, deaths and the attendant misery and financial suffering.

Altro has blazed an important medical trail. It has proved the role that sewing machines can play in curing tuberculosis.

Leonard Allen is a free-lance writer who lives in New York. He has had articles published in Harper's, Hygeia, The New York Times Magazine and other publications, and has written scripts for two network programs.

ourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the selectivity all men are coursed equal. How we recovered in a liberty selectivity whether that nation, or any nation to correct the last forth and liberty recovered in the selectivity of the are met on a great battleheld of that the last to be gow that like that that nation ught like 1 altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But have been men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated to far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long truncing that we say I have but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living rather the dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus it so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be have dedicated to the great tash remaining before us that from these bonomed dead extrake increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain that this nation under God shall. Once a new birth of freedom, and that governing of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earths.

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LINCOLN'S Gettysburg Address

NOTE: For information on how you can secure a free, unfolded reprint of this presentation of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, or of either of the other two gatefuld reproductions in this issue, see page 158.



THE Battle of Gettysburg, fought on the first, second and third days of July, 1863, was the result of a chance encounter. A Confederate brigade, sent to Gettysburg to obtain a supply of shoes, found it occupied by Federal cavalry. The spark set off a conflagration. Whole armies were wheeled into position on both sides, charge followed charge, and by the end of the third day, as Lee bitterly set blue lay dead or wounded on the rolling hillsides. . . . Four months later. Abraham Lincoln was called upon to make "a few appropriate remarks" at the dedication of a national of his address on a scrap of paper. Lincoln prepared six carewas beginning. The full import of his shought had escaped solemn prayer of the religion of democracy. Nothing has since been said to add to it. Nothing more need be said. Ringing with overtones of inevitability, set forth in a day of trial, now when the day is again at hand that statement remains plain before us. We indeed take increased devotion as we read it and dwell upon it in the privacy of our minds. Nor are we ashamed to stand erect and utter each brave word aloud in a -BEVERLY W. HOWE

Author of "Lincoln and Everett at Gettysburg"
Director of Lincoln Memorial University

NOTE: For information on how y can secure a free, unfolded reprof this presentation of Lincol Gettyshing Address, or of either the other two gatefold reproditions in this issue, see page 1.

IF THEY WANT TO FIGHT THEY JOIN
THE ARMY, BUT IF THEY WANT TO
FLY THEY GO TO PARKS AIR COLLEGE



HARVARD OF THE AIR

by KENT SAGENDORPH

FAR down the receding western slope of Illinois, where the abrupt hills disappear into the St. Louis smoke-bank, there is a quiet little elm-shaded village called Cahokia. It is a shrine of history.

There, a century ago, battles were fought and treaties signed. Scholars with a passion for historical accuracy visit Cahokia to examine the faded markings on monuments. A century hence, other scholars will be coming to Cahokia to examine another phase of its curious history. For in this tiny village a new kind of college has appeared on the U. S. scene. It has no present parallel in the world. Tomorrow, it might possibly become the pioneer in a new educational field.

It's a little midwestern college with a tiny, flower-bordered campus and a fussy, pedantic faculty. Already it is acquiring ivy and traditions in the accepted manner, although it is less than fifteen years old. It is called Parks Air College, and something has happened lately to transfer to Cahokia the laurels of aviation excellence from the Air Corps instruction center at Randolph Field. The cameo-like little campus at Cahokia is emerging as aviation's Harvard, and the capitol of the nation's commercial aviation profession.

Parks differs from all the other midwestern freshwater colleges in that the curriculum includes no Greek, no classical history nor courses on the life of Robert Browning. It huddles its ivy-covered dormitories and classroom buildings close together in a wedge-shaped island of lawn driven in hard between two vast,

dusty flying fields. Within its halls, into the ears and hearts of its students, the deep-bass rumble of giant aircraft engines keynotes the Parks tradition.

For many years, aviation authorities have looked to the service schools to supply pilots and trained technicians for the industry. Randolph Field is a synonym for superb flight-training—in military aviation. But within the past few years such specialization has become necessary that a military pilot, trained for the hazard and high speed of combat flying, is more than likely a liability to an airline instead of an asset.

Airlines require skill of a specialized order not found at a military post. Randolph, furthermore, has had to double and quadruple its cadet roster to keep abreast of the mounting need for military pilots. The Army is putting 7,000 cadets through that course each year. Next year there will be more. Randolph has had to farm out all its primary flight instruction to schools like Parks; like the huge Ryan school on the West Coast; the aggressive Dallas, Roosevelt Field, Boeing and other fine commercial aviation schools. At Randolph a cadet is hurried along through the basic military phase of his course and rushed from the slow, safe training planes into thundering monsters that flash across the sky like cannonballs. The hours have been cut; the training manuals condensed, the whole process jam-packed into thirty weeks and 180 flying hours.

As soon as possible, the cadet is adorned with wings and transferred to a tactical squadron to build up hours and experience as best he can. Randolph needs the room; more classes are being added constantly.

Northing of that sort prevails at Parks. To the visitor it seems the perfect counterpart of the strict little classical college where no compromise with the standards of scholarship is to be considered for a moment. The college is doing its part in the current cadet-training program. It harbors currently 216 of these cadets, struggling in the throes of primary instruction. It is giving intensified courses in aviation engines to 46 selected aviation mechanics from the Air Corps. But the college acquired another complete airport and school in Alabama to handle the cadet problem, and another one nextdoor to its own field to take care of the overflow from that one. There is every effort to segregate commercial students from cadets.

While the two groups of students form fast friendships and get along very well, the college feels that too much contact is not good. For one thing, the cadets suddenly find that the much-vaunted Air Corps cadet course is not what it was three years ago. They see quickly that after this emergency is over they won't get the jobs in airline companies which most of them expect to receive as a matter of right; that the commercial students have them outclassed from the start in every form of aviation training except the purely military art of gunnery and formation flying.

There is a noticeable class-consciousness at Randolph Field on the part of cadets. At Parks Air College they are downright humble. They can stay there only eight weeks, but the commercial student stays there eight semesters. He gets a Bachelor of Science degree and a complete professional course in everything from accounting to the theory of radio.

The course at Parks is tougher than West Point, more expensive than Harvard, and the chances of being "washed out" or dropped from the class are greater than at either. Throughout the entire course a student must maintain the appalling scholastic average of

82 per cent. If he fails in one subject he is required to take the whole semester again. If he fails twice he is out, automatically. Expulsion is the penalty for such a wide range of undergraduate troubles that all of the students are under a noticeable tension constantly. They are marked off and given extra-dirty airport labor duty if they walk with a slouch. If they forgot to shave-zip! Two or three hours of draining engine crankcases might prod their memories. The President might stroll through the classrooms in a wrinkled business suit, but if he catches a student with unpressed pants, hellzapoppin'. Exceeding the allowable number of class cuts per semester is something else which usually results in dismissal.

On the airport you will see the sons of millionaires, grease-caked and dog-dirty, cleaning control cables with gasoline, sweat running down their aristocratic noses. Cadets don't have to do that; they have enlisted swabs to do the dirty work. Cadets are trained to fly, and to be officers and gentlemen. Parks students can fly just as well, but they know how to take off engine cowlings and get their arms well-greased; they know how much that special aviation fuel costs and how to make careful

records of what they use. Cadets get a superficial course in engines, because they have veteran master-mechanics who are responsible for that end of the job. Parks students study engines for two years until they know as much about them as any mechanic. In the industry they will be hiring and firing mechanics; supervising maintenance shops.

PARKS is a place where a student pays as much as \$5,500 cash, in advance, for a professional flight and executive course. Then the chances are one in four against his being admitted unless he stands in the top third of his high-school class and can show a perfect physique. If he is enrolled and assigned to a bunk in the dormitory, he is aware for the first few months of an unseen but keenlyfelt scrutiny. He feels as if he were a parolee who has kindly been allowed to stay there only during good behavior. Slight errors in conduct are treated with the shocked surprise of a minister who sees a little boy fishing on Sunday. Faculty members call him in and shake their heads over him.

He is purposely and incessantly made to feel that the college is giving him a wonderful opportunity and that he must maintain

a balance on a very slim tightrope which stretches forward as far as his college career extends. If he rides a motorcycle on the campus he is immediately expelled. If he knows how to fly before matriculating, and arrives at Parks in his own plane, he must park both plane and himself somewhere else until he gets rid of it. He is allowed to go downtown into East St. Louis or across the high-spanning bridge into the city itself. But one drink, and the Parks student dangles from the spider-like thread of probation. One more and he finds his luggage all packed for him upon his return.

"This is no place," says President Oliver L. Parks, "for a student who wants to play at getting an education. We are a small school. Our enrollment is kept down to 300 students. Moreover, we are entirely dependent on student fees. It costs us \$200,000 a year to maintain the present standard of student selection. We lose that much in fees every year to make sure that every Parks graduate can hold up the prestige of this college."

This policy, while obviously making things very difficult indeed for the student, insures him of an immediate and permanent job in his chosen profession and also keeps the Parks tradition acehigh with the airline operators. Throughout the depths of the depression when pilots were being fired right and left and some of them were working for \$30 a week, Parks quietly placed all of its graduates just the same. Over the entire thirteen years of its history, Parks has placed the astonishing percentage of ninety-seven and a fraction, from each class, into good aviation jobs.

These days when airlines have won their fight for public acceptance and are running at capacity day after day, the demand is insatiable. It is a strange fact, but thoroughly demonstrated and documented, that Parks cannot begin to supply the demand for its graduates. This year, airline executives are filling out regular application blanks for Parks men. They wait patiently for two years in some cases until their student graduates. Then they welcome him with open arms and a \$200-amonth job.

This industry-wide demand upon one college is understandable when the caliber of its course is compared more closely with the Army's. The Parks professional-flight student receives 300 hours' flying-time in contrast to the

cadet's 180 hours: the Parks student logs his time in every kind of transport plane from little Stinson three-place jobs to the mighty Douglas DC-3's. While the cadet is majoring in machine-gunnery and dive-bombing, the Parks student is flying around the country on his own school airline. Sometimes he takes his turn flying, and at other times he sells tickets to his fellow-students at a regular ticketoffice, keeps the books, acts as radio operator, navigator, dispatcher, meteorologist and hangar boss. He learns every job on an airline by actually doing it.

He receives ten times the instruction on engines given a cadet; ten times the laboratory practice in meteorology, weather-map drawing and aerial navigation. He receives five times as much instruction in the theory of flight, in radio and in airplane maintenance. In addition he receives a complete business education which is totally lacking in the cadet course. At Parks a student is offered courses like "Maintenance Management 351"; "Economics 167"; "Advertising 173"; "Traffic Procedure I and II"; "Fundamentals of Speech 166," which is a course on how to give talks, disseminating information on transport aviation, to luncheon clubs and civic groups.

The driving intensity of the course, however, is such that those who survive and win their degrees would be the type of young graduate who could succeed anywhere. Some of the students at Parks who have taken engineering, meteorology and other non-flying courses are eagerly grabbed up by the Air Corps anyhow if they decide to apply for a cadet appointment. They have an education which has been specialized into aviation channels and the Army gladly waives examination. Upon passing a routine physical examination they win appointment. A great many former Parks men are able Air Corps officers today.

The others, however, don't feel any urge to apply for an Air Corps commission. "No, sir," said one. "I'm going to become an airline pilot. And this is the place to learn that profession, not in the Air Corps."

Apparently Randolph Field, the West Point of the Air, will exert a diminishing influence on commercial aviation in the future. Parks Air College, which furnishes professional training in the business of running an airline, has emerged as aviation's Harvard. In a democracy, that is precisely as it should be.

ASTRONOMY DOESN'T PAY

AMES BRADLEY, who discovered the aberration of light and the "nodding" of the earth's axis, was appointed astronomer royal in 1742. One day Queen Wilhelmina visited the observatory at Greenwich where Bradley conducted his work. She graciously chatted with her astronomer for an hour and noticing the frayed condition of his clothing she tactfully inquired as to the adequacy of his income. Bradley informed her of the size of the annual honorarium paid to the royal

astronomer. "But, surely," the Queen exclaimed, "that is scarcely sufficient. I shall see immediately that the royal astronomer is better rewarded."

"Your Majesty," Bradley replied, "I beg you not to do that."

"But why?" the Queen asked in perplexity.

"Because, your Majesty, if you should make the position of royal astronomer at Greenwich profitable, I am afraid no scientist will ever get the position."—ALBERT ABARBANEL

We are beings of two worlds, the waking world, and the world of dreams—and each is illogical to the other. Let us, therefore, leave abstruse problems of what is reality to men with long grey beards and consider a few strange, but true, tales from our other life.

YOUR OTHER LIFE

FOR A churchman to become Pontius Pilate would seem bound to produce interesting consequences—it did.

In 1924 Rev. Hewitt B. Vinnedge, Ph.D., dean of Christ Cathedral, Salina, Kansas, had a strange dream in which he played the part of the bewildered Roman who was forced to pronounce sentence upon one Jesus of Nazareth. During the course of the dream, Dr. Vinnedge entirely lost his own identity. He became in all reality Pontius Pilate, petty official facing a problem beyond human solution.

He took the bowl of water. He washed his hands. From his wracked soul he spoke: "I am innocent of his blood—see ye to it."

At this point Dr. Vinnedge awoke, and regained his normal personality. But his whole outlook on life had been changed. He suddenly saw that the villains of history were not monsters, but merely men broken on the wheel of fate.

The result was ten years of research which culminated in a series of successful radio plays. "I understand villains," Dr. Vinnedge says, "because one night I played the part myself—in my life of dreams."



STRANGE FATE rode a certain train as it rattled across the midwestern

plains in the winter of 1907. One of the passengers, Mrs. Elena O'Shea, was en route to the bedside of her seriously ill father. Just after midnight she dozed into a fitful sleep.

She dreamed that her father was being led up a very narrow ladder by a brother who had died years before. She tried to follow them, but her younger brother Ernest, who was still living, prevented her by breaking the rungs of the ladder. At this point she was awakened by the sudden stopping of the train.

Alighting, she saw through the rain mist a large fire burning on the track in front of the locomotive. A rider approached. To her surprise it was her brother Ernest.

"I came," he said, "because father told me to. He said you were in danger, and for me to stop the train."

Ahead of that halted train, and unknown to anyone, broken telegraph wires dangled in the screaming wind. And beyond those wires was the flood-tangled wreckage of what once had been a bridge.

When Mrs. O'Shea and her brother arrived home, they found their father dead. But in that strange drama it was death that had lost.



THREE YEARS after graduating from high school, Julia Choberka of Peckville, Pennsylvania, dreamed of attending a class reunion. During the meeting the class president whispered to her, "Don't forget to send Mitzi a card tomorrow—it's her birthday."

Miss Choberka had not seen Mitzi in three years, had at no time been very intimate with her, had never known her birth date. Yet the dream was so vivid that she sent the girl a greeting card.

A short time later Mitzi thanked her for the remembrance, saying that it had arrived on the morning of her birthday. She wondered how Miss Choberka had known the date.

Miss Choberka wondered too.



FRENCH WRITER A. Maury had been studying English, and had had much trouble with verbs accompanied by prepositions. So the first time he dreamed of talking to an Englishman he decided to practice.

"I called for you yesterday," he said.

"You express yourself miserably," replied the dream Englishman. "You should have said, 'I called on you yesterday."

When he awoke, Maury was still convinced that the Englishman was wrong. Upon looking the matter up in a grammar, he was astonished to find that his dream critic was right.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. MANY A PAY-OFF BUT NEVER A PAY DAY
IS THE MOTTO OF THE RACKETEER
WHO TAKES EVEN FROM THOSE WHO HAVE NOT



GYPPING THE JOBLESS

by Frank W. Brock

Wanted: men under 26 who are willing to work for \$75 per month while training to become aviators or ground mechanics. One year's training is given by U. S. Air Corps. Cost absolutely nothing. International Airway Bureau, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A TRUE ad and a sweet racket. The thousands of men who responded received a form letter which promised "complete information" for three dollars, and the three dollars brought an eight-page pamphlet describing the U. S. Army Flying School at Randolph Field, Texas, where accepted applicants are paid \$75 a month during their training period. The same information is provided free by the Adjutant General's office in Washington — where the gyps obtained it.

By the time the postal authorities had collected sufficient evidence to dam the influx of dollars with a fraud order, four other gyps had appropriated the idea and were taking more dollars from air-minded youths. That's how fast these rackets spread over the country.

Jennings B. Momsen, who is credited with originating the idea—but who was not prosecuted for it—used some of his fraudulent dollars, according to the evidence produced in the Federal court in Milwaukee, to organize another swindle. This was Associated Adjusters, which was to bring him \$300,000 of job-seekers' money.

Associated Adjusters purported to be a national membership association composed of automobile insurance and finance company investigators and claim adjusters, who pursued absconding debtors for the finance companies and investigated and adjusted claims for the insurance companies. For a five dollar membership fee, accepted from anyone regardless of his qualifications, Associated Adjusters promised incomes up to \$200 per month and in two years Mr. Momsen collected five dollar bills from 60,000 men who wanted work. None got it. The second fraud order against Momsen was eventually followed by prosecution. He was convicted but appealed and is at liberty on bail.

LAST YEAR 100,000 went to Diesel schools but only 4,000 got jobs. General Motors, the largest manufacturer of Diesel motors says: "So far as General Motors is concerned, there is no demand for the 'Diesel-trained man.' Furthermore, our factory employment managers do not regard attendance at one of these schools as any particular recommendation for an appointment." The New York State Department of Education more bluntly declares that some private Diesel schools are "downright rackets."

This is also true of other pseudoeducational promoters who are using recent inventions as springboards for their plunge into the educational depths of refrigeration, air-conditioning and television. One Philadelphia institute of trade instruction—now closed —sold an \$80 course in oil burner installation and repair with a few manufacturers' catalogs as their sole text books. Most of these schools promise non-existent jobs to their graduates, but even if the new industries were hungry for men an ordinary good mechanic with practical experience would receive preference.

Because such sterling schools as International Correspondence, Alexander Hamilton Institute, La-Salle Extension University and various others have established enviable reputations in that field, the chiseling imitators moved in and not only diverted millions of dollars from legitimate institutions into their own miserable diploma mills but defrauded thousands of students in the process.

Some civil service schools operate by claiming that, under a seemingly liberal guarantee, they will refund tuition to all students who fail to secure a government position; but the guarantee, like the school, is tricky. Under it the student is required to take a certain number of government examinations within one or two years after completing the course of instruction. The catch is that some examinations are held only once

in three or four years, others not so often. Compliance by the student is therefore impossible and no tuition is refunded—the pupil is simply gypped out of his money.

ONLY A little more subtle are the many schemes which exact cash bonds, advance fees, or which are designed to sell territorial rights to the jobless. An advance fee may be as petty as the \$3 which a Chicago racketeer demanded for a hammer from men to whom he promised sign-tacking jobs, or it may be \$25 or \$50 for a surety bond or a uniform. Once the money has been passed, the "employer" is seen no more.

The sale of territorial rights carries a potent appeal to men over 40 who have difficulty in finding employment and decide to go into business for themselves. About the time a man reaches this conclusion he begins to look for an opportunity and thus he is led to the territorial rights schemer.

The article to be sold may be any small gadget with an apparent popular appeal, say a changeable electric sign for store windows. The contract the buyer signs requires the conditional purchase of a year's supply—1,200 signs at \$5 each, 100 to be delivered every month. He makes a down pay-

ment of \$600 on the contract in order to secure the exclusive rights to the territory, but this down payment will be written off at the rate of \$50 a month during the life of the contract. Instead of paying \$500 a month for signs he pays \$450. How can he lose?

The first shipment reveals the truth. The signs are overpriced and cannot be sold at a profit. To break the contract—which binds him to buy \$6,000 worth of signs—he must sacrifice his \$600 as liquidated damages. It's all in the contract, which he didn't read very carefully or which he didn't understand. As it is, he has paid \$1,000 for possibly \$250 worth of useless signs.

Victims of cash bond racketeers may get work, but no pay days. In a very few instances they have been paid with part of their own money while the gyp was negotiating with other cash bond prospects. Many a small business has been almost wholly financed by the cash bonds of the employees, stenographers, salesmen, cashiers and others. If it prospers, well and good; if not, the promoter takes what is left and moves on.

Most crooks are creatures of habit, and their frauds generally follow certain definite formulas which are readily identified by experts regardless of the minor variations or tricks used to disguise them. But the scheme must be new to the victim, otherwise it wouldn't be successful because no-body wants to be swindled.

The man who depends on his own ability to recognize swindlers is foolish. The principal difference between con men and ordinary people is that the crook lacks a conscience—and that doesn't show on the surface. Creating a good impression—"con" is confidence abbreviated—is a part of their stock in trade, and so they have to act as normal gentlemen would act. Any wide departure would subject them to suspicion.

For that reason, it is just as necessary for employees to investigate their prospective employers as it is for the employer to demand references. The investiga-

tion should not be confined to the firms or individuals suggested; information supplied by them will, of course, be favorable. Better Business Bureaus are unquestionably the best outside agencies to consult. Their files contain details of practically every employment racket which has been perpetrated during the past twenty years and they make no charge to inquirers. Through interchange of information of Bureaus in 60-odd cities. their files are bulging over with the records of crooks and their slick schemes. Perusal of those records leads one to believe that this is the age of chiselry.

Frank W. Brock is perhaps the nation's foremost authority on racketeering. He has cooperated with Better Business Bureaus all over the country in forewarning people against gyp artists and his assistance is frequently enlisted by police officials. He has contributed two previous articles to Coronet: Rackets in Insurance, and, The Great American Goof.

PROFESSIONAL VIEWPOINT

As a happy encounter while on a hunting trip in Colorado, Theodore Roosevelt chanced to meet up with a cowboy who was formerly one of his "Rough Riders." During the conversation, disclosure was made that the cow-hand had

finished doing a year in jail for shooting another man.

"And how did you do it?" was the President's query, thinking to elicit the circumstances.

"With a .38," announced the Westerner, "on a .45 frame."

-L. R. ALWOOD

FIFTY QUESTIONS CALCULATED TO GIVE YOUR VOCABULARY A WORKOUT AND PERHAPS EXTEND ITS RANGE



WORDS FOR THE WISE

Mrs. Malaprop, with her unfailing instinct for the wrong word, would have had a field day with this quiz. The rest of us will have a good, bad or indifferent day, depending upon the current state of our vocabularies. Each question is put in the form of a statement in which one word is

missing. You are asked to supply that word, choosing (without benefit of a dictionary) whichever of the three alternatives you consider the most apt. Counting two points for each correct choice, a score of 70 will be fair, 80 good, 90 or above excellent. Answers are on page 82.

- 1. John Masefield is the poetof England.
 - (a) incarnate, (b) laudator,
 - (c) laureate
- On his ninety-second birthday, he was well along in his
 - (a) nonage, (b) dotage, (c) novitiate
- The overly adventurous create for themselves a new....... every day.
 - (a) predilection, (b) emergence, (c) predicament

- At times the street sounds become a.....symphony of dissonance.
 - (a) venerable, (b) vulnerable, (c) veritable
- The government loosed their Black and Tans on the Irish to deal out....punishment.
 - (a) summary, (b) consummate, (c) aboriginal
- Most of us are too busy beingto be classed as good listeners.

- (a) mendacious, (b) loquacious, (c) salacious
- 7. The children listened to the dissertation, but not with what might be termed..... attention.
 - (a) rapt, (b) wrapped, (c) prolix
- The Highlanders came marching to the of bagpipes.
 (a) swirl, (b) skirl, (c) whirl
- The clergyman lifted his....
 gingerly as he stepped over the puddle.
 - (a) hassock, (b) Cossack, (c) cassock
- Being a......is a recommendation for the consular service.
 - (a) polygon, (b) polygamist,(c) polyglot
- The censor's pencil was responsible for frequent......
 in the report.
 - (a) eclipses,(b) allusions,(c) deletions
- 12. Regrets frequently follow....
 - (a) precipitate, (b) precipitous, (c) precocious
- 13. The.....old man found fault with everything.
 - (a) vicarious, (b) querulous,
 - (c) voracious
- 14. The tailor fingered the..... with obvious pleasure.

- (a) swathe, (b) swatch, (c) haft
- 15. The committee on morals banned the book as being too
 - (a) esoteric, (b) erotic, (c) erudite
- 16. The Congress of the United States is......
 - (a) bicameral, (b) bibulous,
- (c) bicentenary

 17, As she teetered on the edge of the cliff, the danger of a fall
- (c) imminent

 18. The.....water of the mountain lake reflected the sky and clouds.
 - (a) volatile, (b) snide, (c) limpid
- The human animal sometimes becomes as.....at feeding time as the ones in the zoo.
 - (a) ravishing, (b) ravenous, (c) replevin
- Resigned to the life of a...., he dwells alone in the mountains.
 - (a) hermitage, (b) neophyte
 - (c) recluse
- 21. The FBI knows a clear-cut case of.....when it sees one.
- (a) sabotage, (b) persiflage,
 - (c) oligarchy

- 22. The......of the bathing beauty is her stock in trade.

 (a) lassitude, (b) pulchritude, (c) beatitude
- 23. Chinese coolies.....mainly on a diet of rice.
 - (a) consist, (b) subsist, (c) subserve
- 24. The first ten articles of the Constitution....the Bill of Rights.
 - (a) constitute, (b) construe,
 - (c) compile
- The last game of the World Series is always the......
 one.
 - (a) incisive, (b) decisive, (c) explicit
- 26.is the best tool of a subtle gossip.
 - (a) innuendo, (b) hyperbole, (c) acerbity
- It was by means of......
 that Archimedes boasted he might move the world.
 - (a) levitation, (b) gravitation, (c) leverage
- 28. Operations would be a barbaric procedure without narcotics to......the pain.
 - (a) ameliorate, (b) alleviate, (c) vitiate
- 29. Peaceful eras are the intervals of history.
 - (a) ectogenic, (b) nascent, (c) lucid
- 30. The architects of the late 19th

- century were much concerned with the.....of buildings.
 - (a) façades, (b) facets, (c) fistulas
- 31. Between the polo players rested gratefully.
 - (a) quarters, (b) rounds, (c)
- 32. The men had finished their dessert and were waiting for the chairman to make hisspeech.
 - (a) post mortem, (b) postprandial, (c) ante bellum
- The handwriting expert quickly.....the signature.
 - (a) authorized, (b) bowdlerized, (c) authenticated
- That Columbus discovered America was more......
 than premeditated.
 - (a) fortuitous, (b) fatuous,
 - (c) fortitudinous
- Thoreau retired to Walden Pond to......for a year.
 - (a) hibernate, (b) rusticate, (c) levitate
- 36. Soon the partisans of the North and the South were moving.....toward war.
 - (a) inexorably, (b) inordinately, (c) pre-eminently
- 37. It was the......of the labor clause that was chiefly questioned.
 - (a) profundity, (b) validity,
- (c) morphology

- 38. No man in public office was ever a more.....figure.

 (a) hurried, (b) haggled, (c) harried
- 39. Surrounded by the usual White House.....he reviewed the marching troops.

 (a) badinage, (b) entourage

 (c) investiture

40. No method was provided forthe Monroe Doctrine.

(a) sequestering, (b) indenturing, (c) implementing

41. When words fail,..........

measures sometimes succeed.

(a) coercive, (b) cohesive,

(c) corpuscular

42. The interests of the expatriates are not always..... to those of the patriots.

(a) contiguous, (b) analogous, (c) erogenous

Foreign credits were being
rapidly every day.
 (a) complemented, (b) surfeited, (c) depleted

44. The...... of the crowd do not always go to the most worthy.

(a) pundits, (b) plaudits, (c) audits

45. The chief's daughter was chosen to grace the Sultan's.....(a) abattoir, (b) intaglio,(c) seraglio

46. He advocated that the Government use all the......
which rival powers employed.
(a) incontrovertabilities, (b)
incommensurabilities, (c)
instrumentalities

47. Alliances cannot endure between countries with..... points of view.

(a) inimitable, (b) inimical,(c) uxorious

48. A diplomat is one skilled at making.....statements.(a) ambidextrous, (b) ambient, (c) ambiguous

49. The saddest are those that wear the jester's garb.

(a) medley, (b) motley, (c) mistral

50. This generation of Americans has a.....with destiny.(a) reapprochement, (b) rapport, (c) rendezvous

PIETY BEGINS AT HOME

WHEN Dr. Edward Everett Hale was Chaplain of the Senate, a friend asked him if he prayed often for the senators. "Ah, no," replied Dr.
Hale, "I look at the senators,
and I pray for the country."

—ARTHUR HENDERSON



"WHEN YOU'RE BORN YOU'RE DONE FOR" by Louis L. Pryor

Have you an embryonic Einstein romping your home, a budding Browning biting ballads on his teething ring, or, mayhap, a mite of a Mozart strumming sonatas on the slats of his baby crib? Think nothing of it. Prodigies, perennial as the poor, have always been with us—driving parents to sleeping powders, spreading panic amongst playmates (if any) and sending psychologists scurrying for yardsticks to measure their minds.

Most authoritative of yardsticks was provided by the Frenchman Binet, whose ingenious set of mental tests gave us the familiar IQ (intelligence quotient). IQ ended much of the fumbling. Genius at last was pegged. But the same basic question continued to be asked concerning child prodigies. What ever happens to them when they grow up?

Among those who asked questions was Dr. Lewis Terman, professor of psychology at Stanford University, who went out and got the answers. Starting in 1922, he weeded out, via IQ, some 1,300 likely luminaries from more than 200,000 gifted children in California. Then, through the years, he checked up on them—keeping tab on their impact on life and life's im-

pact on them. And what he found has exploded the notion that early brightness brings blight in later years. He found those 1,300 kids growing up to be huskier and healthier than their contemporaries—more conservative than the average—marrying younger—and divorcing and dying at a rate far below the average. Annual earned income for the men was shown to average \$3,000. None of the "kids" is on relief. The conclusion seems to be plain: a high IQ is an asset—not a handicap in life. As Arnold Bennett once said: "When you're born you're done for."

The half-dozen gifted children whose personality sketches follow were born much too late to be included among Professor Terman's laboratory brood. But perhaps their futures are to some degree foreshadowed in the record of his findings.

Gerard Darrow

Noah should have had him for official greeter on the Ark—he knows more animals by their full names than Noah ever dreamed were present. And that other Noah could have used him in making up the dictionary—he can rattle off a startlingly high percentage of the definitions that the scholarly Webster assembled during the course of a long and venerable lifetime.

Brilliant eight-year-old Gerard Darrow, with the voice of a baby and the diction of a college professor, is the gate-building, head man on Louis Cowan's "Quiz Kids," that incredible, slaughter-of-the-questionsby-the-innocents radio show scheduled weekly on the networks.

Birds are Gerard Darrow's specialty. He knows them all the way from their names and aims to their feathers and infidelities. And, as for that "unpremeditated art" stuff that Shelley hung on the skylark—well, star performer Gerard and his gang of infant intellectuals have appropriated that little number for themselves. Every Wednesday night — led by Master Gerard who can't yet tie his own shoe laces—they roll listeners in the ether aisles from coast to coast as they answer difficult questions, spill wise-cracks and wisdom...naïve, unexpected, "unpremeditated" unrehearsed.

A bit of a dictograph is the diminutive Darrow. Asked by a studio fan to imitate the show's interlocutor, Joe Kelly, Gerard obliged by repeating the quiz master's exact words. In addition to a photostatic memory, he totes a two-track mind and can read a book while listening to the radio, later giving verbatim reports on both. He likes geography, maps — and turtles. Just now his great ambition is to be what he terms a turtle-ologist.





David Davis

With freckles on his nose, a "Gstring" round his thighs, and the
pitch-sense of a Heifetz in his eardrums, David ("Dudy") Davis has
been in the habit of trotting out for
his music lessons virtually as naked
as the violin he plays. David's managers, expecting soon to announce his
debut, are having trouble—even figuratively—keeping their prodigy under cover. "What are we waiting
for?" David demands to know.

When only 2½ years old, this cupid-with-his-bow got his first violin —a miniature like himself. At four he was naming any note that was sounded. At six, little "Dudy"—never attending school and receiving private instruction only an hour each day—was competently doing the work of seventh grade pupils. His IQ is 170. A vegetarian as well as a nudist, he eats raw vegetables, raw fruits and uncooked eggs.

Last fall, at the age of eight, he left his Chicago home for New York where, under the direction of Mischa Mischakoff, concert master in Toscanini's symphony orchestra, he is now preparing for his first public recital.

Mary Christine Dunn

Before most infants in her age-bracket could even talk about their dolls, little roly-poly Mary Christine Dunn was discussing the Dictators. When she was only 28 months old, she had a vocabulary of 3,800 words, which is several times the number of talking tools used by most grown-ups.

While little more than a baby just past two years—she could recite the Lord's Prayer, compose verses and sing upwards of 100 songs. When a Washington University psychologist gave her a test, she emerged with an intelligence quotient of 185—45 points higher than genius. The professor pronounced her "the most remarkable child I have ever seen."

Mary, now five, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Dunn of Bonne Terre, Missouri. So far she has escaped Hollywood. But she may be doing her talking on a sound track before long, since not one but two movie producers have made preliminary, and interested, investigations.



Julius Katchen

"I'll go behind a curtain with any adult artist and let impartial judges decide which of us is the mature musician." With these words, Julius ("Buddy") Katchen, New Jersey's 13-year-old boy wonder musician, challenged a Chicago critic of child prodigies last season.

"Buddy" knows how it feels to be something which people listen to, look at, and then rub their unbelieving eyes. Brought out in 1937 by Eugene Ormandy, he was the youngest soloist ever to appear in a Philadelphia Philharmonic Symphony orchestra concert. He has been hailed as a musical marvel by critics in New York and Chicago.

Bushy-haired "Buddy's" talent stems from grandparents as well as parents. His training, however, can be traced to only one source—his grandmother, Mrs. Mandel Svet. Her musical schooling of her grandson—so ably done that the listener cannot detect the tedious toil behind it—clears the path for Katchen's direct musical speech which audiences have found so incredible in this child's playing. As one much-impressed critic put it: "Nature can still surprise us—and she has in Julius Katchen."





Philippa Schuyler

She has composed music that has trickled from publishing ink into sales by the thousands. She has radio and television followers in America and gift-bearing fans on the short wave band from Japan to West French Africa. Her skin is brown—her age 9 years—her IQ 185. She is Philippa Duke Schuyler and she lives with her blonde-haired, white mother and Negro father in a four room hillside apartment overlooking Harlem in New York.

Musically gifted, Philippa also draws, paints, writes poetry and unlooses a quick-silver mind on such subjects as mathematics. Within one month of life she crawled. When two years old she could write her name and spell 150 long words. At four she was composing music, at six playing the piano in public.

But — her parents protest — you mustn't call Philippa a genius; her diet makes her act that way. Steaks, fish, vegetables—but it isn't what Philippa eats . . . it's the fact that she eats everything, including steaks and fish, raw! Unique? Well, so is Philippa. Her recitals at the World's Fair last year created such a tremendous stir that the Fair shortly after held a Philippa Duke Schuyler Day.

Ruth Slenezynski

"I found her when she was five. I've never seen anything like this in my life. And I was the one who brought out John McCormack, Galli Curci and Mary Garden." Thus, seven years ago, the manager of piano-prodigy Ruth Slenczynski snapped a candid camera picture of music's wonder child.

Her chubby little hands could barely span an octave. Concert grand pianos had to be changed to bring the pedals to her feet. But mere trifles such as these couldn't daunt this California cherub or prevent the witchery in her fingers from awing the world.

When only three, she gave her first recital in Oakland; at five, she was arousing audiences in San Francisco; at six, she was packing Bach Hall in Berlin. At eight, in New York, critics were hailing her as the "musical sensation" of the age. Later in France she became a featured soloist with the Paris Symphony Orchestra. At nine, through her father, she was signing a contract guaranteeing her \$75,000 for her second season and radio sponsors were eagerly bidding and paying her more than \$2 a second for her time!



The routine method of securing a job is good enough—
if it works. But since there are many applicants for
each position, it is bound to fail more often than it
succeeds. That's why these individuals were wise to
discard the routine approach in favor of novel ones.

THEY GOT THE JOB

FRED HANLEY had a diploma attesting his proficiency in show card writing. But he couldn't get a job. So he strolled about with pad and pencil, copying the smudged, bent cards in neighborhood shops. Then he went home, made crisp black and white copies. Next day he walked into the stores, quietly exchanged the fresh cards for the old, handing the battered cards to whomever was in charge. Each time he smiled: "I need the practice. You don't mind, do you?" But on the back of each new card he had carefully lettered Fred Hanley-Brookside 3560. Fred "practiced" this way for a week, working on a new group of merchants each day. Soon the calls began trickling in. Fred was in business.



"Businessmen in this town are conservative. If you haven't any letters of introduction you're out of luck." Felix Poultney was a stranger in that southern city. Letters of introduction! He didn't know where to start to begin. So, naturally, he penned his own. Beginning "This will introduce Felix Poultney—myself," he wrote a courteous but bright and informal introduction that opened many a southern gentleman's office door to him. One of them now pays his salary.



Today's interest in sabotage gave Eliot T. Enders an idea for a new and effective approach to a job. He knew something of police methods and personnel management, and he inserted the following advertisement in several Connecticut papers: "Sabotage Protection. Man experienced in plant protection and counter-espionage duties desires position. Experienced in personnel, police procedure and criminology. Highest references."

Enders attracted to himself both attention and the job he wanted.

ONCE LONG AGO THERE WAS A DICTATOR
WHO, HAVING ESTABLISHED RULE BY BRUTE
FORCE, SET OUT TO MASTER THE WORLD



THUS DIE ALL TYRANTS

by Charles Derricott

Five hundred and thirty-five years were yet to run before the star of Bethlehem would heave into the Magi's sight. The sun of history was rising over the isles of Greece; the Aegean summer gilded them with its rays. On the island of Samos, lying off the coast of Asia Minor, the citizens were celebrating the Feast of Hera.

Samos was a prosperous island and a democracy. True, the slaves and the landless could not exercise political rights, but the Elders of the Council saw no need for change. Samian galleys plied the Aegean and the Mediterranean, and traded with the Persians, Ionians and Egyptians.

Peace was the watchword. The Elders knew that a ridiculous rabble-rouser of obscure origin had been going about the island, promising freedom to the slaves and land to the landless. But when this Polycrates had been arrested and brought before a secret Council of the Elders, he had told them that the rich had a friend in him; that he would build a huge army out of the slaves and the landless; that through him the sacred Samian destiny to rule over the entire Grecian world would be fulfilled. He was set free by the Council as a harmless demagogue, but it was whispered about that some rich landowners were secretly supplying him with money.

On the night of a great festival, with a band of fifteen armed men Polycrates, his brother Pantagnotus, and his friend Syloson climbed the rocks of the Acropolis, massacred the drunken guards, and seized the fortress. In the morning five great landowners sent their armed retainers to join

him. The opposition was arrested and its leaders cruelly murdered. Polycrates was raised on a shield and declared "Tyrant of Samos."

THE DICTATOR could now free the slaves and give land to the landless. But he didn't. Instead he sought to make his rule firm by removing those to whom he owed his success: his brother Pantagnotus was put to death; Syloson and his financial backers were banished from the island. Those who remained, Polycrates plundered without distinction. He built a fleet of a hundred fifty-oared gallevs with which he made himself the most dreaded pirate of the Aegean; he raised an army of one thousand archers with which he raided the neighboring islands. To pay his domestic debts, he coined a large amount of money in lead and had it gilded. To intimidate his opponents, who had fled to Persia and were there plotting his downfall, he had their wives and children seized and held as hostages.

He was now undisputed master of Samos and could begin putting into effect his dreams of empire. Once he had made himself master of the sea he could, he knew, rule Ionia and the islands. He looked around for an ally and found one

in Amises, king of Egypt. The two despots divided the Mediterranean world into two spheres of interest between them. And wherever they turned their arms, everything went prosperously for them. But it was not long before the alliance between the two axis partners, Polycrates and Amises, was broken off. The friendship with the king of Egypt had served its purpose, and a rising giant in the East held out more promise for Polycrates' ambitious plans.

Cambyses, the great king of Persia, had cast his eyes westward from the steppes of Asia. As a Persian and as the embodiment of a foreign civilization which sought to engulf Europe, Cambyses was the deadliest foe of all that Greece and her culture stood for. But this did not prevent Polycrates from signing a pact with the Asiatic despot. The Dictator of Samos was not a sentimental man.

When in 525 B.C. Cambyses requested his new friend to furnish a naval force to help him in his invasion of Egypt, the treacherous Samian sent forty armed galleys to the Persian despot to help him crush the abandoned ally. And to be doubly sure of profiting from this adventure, he selected to man the forty vessels those citizens of Samos whom he most suspected of

seditious designs against his tyranny, at the same time enjoining Cambyses to put them in the thick of the battle or to have them massacred. Had the proscribed citizens got wind of this scheme? Or had they just been waiting for an opportunity to fall upon the Dictator? For, after sailing from the harbor of Samos in the morning, they returned in the night and laid siege to the island. The Dictator was quick to meet them. With sixty galleys he attacked the besieging fleet; and after ramming, sinking, burning one half of it, put the other half to flight. This great victory over his adversaries now finally convinced the tyrant that he was the man of destiny, preordained to rule the world. He failed to notice the ominous clouds gathering in the East.

OROETES, satrap of Sardis, had long been following the successes of Polycrates with an unquiet and jealous mind. The treacherous satrap, determined to destroy Polycrates, sent the following letter to the tyrant:

"Oroetes to Polycrates says thus: Word comes that you are planning vast enterprises and that you have not money answerable to your projects. Now if you will do as I advise, you will promote your own success and preserve me; for King Cambyses meditates my death, and of this I have certain information. Now do you convey me and my wealth out of the country, yourself taking part of it and suffering me to enjoy the rest; by this means you will become master of all Greece."

To become master of all Greece! Polycrates saw his plans of conquest come true. And after Greece, the world! He now made preparations to sail for the mainland and fetch Oroetes with his treasure. His greed and his ambition propelled his galley toward the Persian shores. Soon he saw the rocky coastline rising above the sea.

The flat-bottomed boat rode the surf and slid on the sand of the beach. Barbarian mercenaries seized the prow and pulled it ashore. They stood around the Greeks, blabbering in an uncouth language and guffawing boisterously. Then they separated and formed a path for Oroetes, who came to greet his guest.

"Welcome, Polycrates, to the shores of Persia! You have come for gold and jewels. You shall have timber and iron in their place!"

Thus, as all tyrants must, Polycrates at last met his doom. Alive, his body was nailed to a rough

wooden cross which the mercenaries erected on a promontory. There, elevated in the wind, washed by the rain, his writhing body sweating blood under the rays of the merciless sun, the Dictator died by crucifixion in the year 515 B.C. The island of Samos, after twenty weary years of tyranny, was once more free.

Charles Derricott has spent all his adult life within the walls of universities. He holds a Ph.D. in English and has published a number of papers, on widely divergent topics, in various scholarly journals.

THE ROYAL WAY

When Napoleon III was proclaimed Emperor of France in 1852, French social life took on the new Napoleonic lustre. Picturesque hunting parties attended by Europe's first families were held at Fountainebleau. The American born Countess of Teba, daughter of William Kilpatrick, United States consul at Malaga, was a frequent guest. By her side at Napoleon's parties was her beautiful and accomplished daughter, Marie-Eugenie.

One evening, at a brilliant ball, Napoleon III gazed up at the boxes which encircled the ballroom and his eyes fell on the charming daughter of the American mother and the Spanish count. He rose from the throne and made his way informally through the merry throngs that crowded the marble floor. It was only with great difficulty that he finally reached

the box of the beautiful Marie-Eugenie. He greeted them with a gallant flourish, and then remarked jestingly, "I would have welcomed you earlier, my ladies, but it was impossible to press through the circles of your many admirers. I would ask you to suggest the best way to come to you."

Marie-Eugenie was too much overcome by the Emperor's attentions to reply, but her quickwitted mother did not let the opportunity escape her. "Through the Royal Chapel, your Majesty," she said to the startled Emperor, "accompanied by your Bishop." A short time later Napoleon III, enchanted by the dark-eyed loveliness of the young Spanish noblewoman, proposed marriage to Marie-Eugenie, and she became his wife and Empress of France.

-EUGENE FLOOD

ECHOES AND ENCORES:

LICHTY FROM CHICAGO TIMES SYND.



"Well, then take it off-I'll tell my bushand it was stolen!"

ALDO MARCUCCI FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINE



"Which one of you mugs yelled 'Whoa'?"

FRED NEHER FROM CONSOLIDATED NEWS PEATURE



"He won't speak to anyone since he go those white side-wall tires!!"

FROM LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



"All right, all right, you did hear bomb. Now go to sleep!"

A CARTOON DIGEST

MERMUND FROM COLLIER'S



"I understand she's had quite an adventurous life"

FRANK OWEN FROM UNITED FRATURE SYND.



"Look, Joe, you gotta pull us out—we swiped it for a ride when the General wasn't looking?"

SCLARE BRIGGS FROM ESQUIRE FEATURES SYND.



When a Feller Needs a Friend

d bear

CARE FROM GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS SERVICE



"Aw right, sign the guest book. But don't write your real name!"

GAG-COINING AND GAG-FILCHING, AS DISCUSSED (WITH DETOURS) BY AN EXPERT ON BOTH SUBJECTS



THIS ONE WILL SLAY YOU

by JACK BENNY

Don't get me wrong. I'm no Woollcott, but, well, there are lots of people who think I tell a swell story—among them Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, and my relatives in Waukegan, Illinois.

Maybe I'm an authority on forms of story and joke-telling because I've had many half-hour programs of practice on good citizens whose only defense is a quick flip of the dial. Maybe it's because I have learned from bores I have had to listen to, what not to say. (This last statement is not necessarily meant for Fred Allen.)

Why, anybody knows you don't have to be a Woollcott to bring down the house—private or public—with a gag, joke, or story. And it doesn't even have to be a new anecdote you're telling. But it has to have a new twist.

Just the other day Mary pulled

the latest variation on the oldest joke while talking with Don Wilson, who asked, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night, Mary?"

"That was no lady," she answered. "That was Jack. He only walks that way."

Unless you get a new twist, you may as well detour around a gag like that. It might be a good idea to do it anyway. New gags are hard to find or build. Ask any jokesmith. But there are certain standard forms that are the skeletons for all jokes. "That was no lady" is just one. A second cousin to that skeleton Methuselah, the "my but you have a kind face—the funny kind" gag came out like this in Bob Hope's latest version: "You have a face like a saint—a Saint Bernard!"

Which not only brings to light

gag-remodeling to fit changing times, but also the epigram, the parlor artillery of Mr. "Information Please" Levant. I don't want to steal even a clap of Mr. Levant's thunder, but just as a fact, the epigram is old enough by hundreds of years for pension.

Now if Fred Allen, who loves me like a relative—a distant one —were going to insult me, he might build it up in this way:

"Jack, you know." He smiles and pats me on the back. "You know you're beginning to grow on me." (A pause for effect.) "Grow on me—like a tumor!"

The whole thing amounts to an O. Henry twist. The unexpected comes where you expect the expected. Or does that sound like Gerty Stein? Psychologists have tried to find out what makes people laugh. They are about as successful as celebrities who try to keep stork secrets from Winchell. Even gag-writers who help put words into our mouths can't make two and two equal two and two. They can throw out laugh-lines, but they can't write a thesis on the whys and wherefores of them.

Most lives of the party are epigrammists, if you've noticed. It doesn't take an Einstein I. Q. to fashion them. Even I made one up once—the "tumor" gag—and then what did I do with it? I gave it to Allen. All I did was get a pattern. Say, for instance, you wanted to tell someone off. Perhaps your wife, landlady, husband, sweetheart, or a speed cop. You might say, "You do something to me"—very earnestly and as an afterthought—"nauseate me."

The old refrain "everything's been done before" covers the joke situation. Script writers who work tooth and nail on my screen and radio shows—I find cuticle among the pages—say there is a limited number of dramatic situations. Change of settings and character make them sound different.

HERE'S an example of what I mean with a follow-up of the most modern version. Remember the one about G. B. Shaw who was approached by a beautiful actress whose brains were at a one to four ratio with her beauty? Well, the gal proposed their marriage and union, saying, "With my beauty and your brains think what a child we could have."

Shaw deliberated for a moment and answered, "Think how tragic it would be if it had my beauty and your brains."

Well, the other day Joe E. Brown dressed that one up in 1941 togs, explaining that in his boyhood he had had two main ambitions: to play ball like Tris Speaker and speak like William Jennings Bryan. "I played ball like Bryan," he concluded ruefully.

A good memory is handy for the person who wants to be known as a wag. He has to remember those upon whom he has inflicted his jokes. None of the 57 varieties of bores is worse than the one who is loyal to his gags for a lifetime—except the life of the party who takes off on a joke, works up enthusiasm, and comes down the home stretch without remembering the climax.

I know. I've been a member of this group more than once, having to say, "I don't know just how the ending went, but it was very funny—ha, ha, ha." And that was a solo laugh.

On a par with us who sometimes forget the punch lines are those who through lack of imagination or memory miss the point entirely when they record a good joke and muff it in telling. For example, the traveling Englishman who was overwhelmed by the thousands of acres of golden corn waving over Iowa. Hour after hour he had been seeing it on both sides of the train.

At a weatherbeaten rural sta-

tion, a farmer in straw hat got on the train, sitting beside the Englishman because that was the only empty seat. Seeing his chance, the Englishman, monocle and all, turned to the farmer:

"I say, my good man, what do you do with all these hundreds of thousands of acres of corn?"

"Waaal, I tell you," said the farmer slyly, "we eat what we can, and what we can't we can."

It took the Englishman five minutes for proper reactions, and he laughed with proper reserve, vowing he would pull the joke on his friends at the Drones Club when he got back to London. He did. He described the corn at length, giving the story a sound buildup. Then one of his impatient friends interrupted—"But, listen, old fellow," he said, "what do they do with all that corn?"

Beaming and on the threshold of triumph, the Englishman capped it off: "Simple. Very elementary indeed. They eat what they can, and what they can't they tin!"

While I'm on the subject of bores, I might mention the raconteur—Roget's Thesaurus is on my left—who takes an evening's lease on the floor. Inasmuch as most people have at least a favorite joke or story to contribute to the chatter, the monologuist freezes them out and sours his own audience.

Among the most obnoxious bores I have known is the variety that condescends, throws Boston "A's" all over the room, and explains the obvious.

Platform speakers, equipped with water pitcher, glass, and note-stand, rarely if ever start a lecture without first winning the audience by revealing an embarrassing experience they've had, or some humiliating incident that can be tied in artfully with the lecture.

Once the speaker has his audience's sympathy, he is ready to go to bat. A story told briefly usually has more punch than the longwinded kind.

Choosing the right words and details is important, but choosing an interesting subject is even more so. Ripley has something in his oddities. He knows what every parlor entertainer should know—that the spotlight should focus on unusual facts about a subject—not on facts we all know.

Chuckles and smiles a fellow gets from his audience depend a lot on his listeners' mood. But by exaggerating, using punchy colorful words, speaking in a modulated voice—monotones are out this season as they are in every other—he can put a lift into his stories.

In a minute I'm going to sound as heavy as H. L. Mencken; so I'd better put a stop to this. But, first, have you heard the one about Samuel Johnson, the great literary critic of the eighteenth century?

ALL RIGHT. A brittle and sharp wit, Johnson was so sought after in literary circles that the Emily Post of her day could hardly omit inviting Johnson to her supper party, despite what she had heard about his boorish table manners.

She sat at the head of the table aghast. Everybody was for that matter. Everything they had said about Johnson was true. He siphoned his soup with such vigor that the veins in his forehead bulged and his face glowed. Perspiration beaded above his brows. Glances that withered the lettuce—glances from the many shocked—didn't faze Johnson. He elbowed through his main course under par to the dessert, a steaming hot pudding.

Before anyone else started, Johnson began fanning the pudding with his napkin. Every guest at the long table gaped. What next? He dug in his spoon, shoveling it into his mouth. Suddenly he howled with pain. It burned his mouth, and he spat the blob of pudding back into his dish. Glaring angrily at his hostess, he snorted, "A fool would have swallowed it!"

Stories, jokes, and anecdotes are born every day—perhaps new ones or perhaps remodeled ones. Some of us can remember them. Others can't. Although a memory would be doing us a favor to forget some well-worn stories, the point is, a storyteller must have a good stock on tap, a better than average memory, a feel for what's dramatic, a clear vision of his story, and a capper line at the end.

There I go into things deeper than Joe Miller. First thing you know I'll be talking about something I don't know a thing about.

But, as I said in the beginning, I'm no Woollcott, but you could do a lot worse than read what I have to say about story-telling. For instance, you could talk with Fred Allen!

Among world-famous violinists, Jack Benny is ranked as the foremost radio and screen comedian. His rendition of The Bee is too well known to require comment. Benny lives in Hollywood with his wife, Mary Livingstone, and an adopted daughter, Joan. He points out that in five years in pictures he has never won an Academy Award and is confident that he will never mar this perfect record.

THAT'S DIFFERENT!

AT THE Youth Congress, Mrs. Roosevelt became engaged in conversation with a shabby young man of radical leanings. After listening to a great deal of expounding on the "share and share alike" theory, the First Lady finally asked:

"Do you mean to tell me that if you had two million dollars you would give one million to a needy friend?"

"I certainly would," said the youth.

"And if you had two magnificent yachts, would you give one to someone you thought would enjoy it?"

"Absolutely."

"And if you had two shirts, and your friend wanted one, you would give it to him?"

The Radical scratched his head. "We-el, I don't know about that."

"Why, that's incredible," exclaimed Mrs. Roosevelt. "You'd give away a priceless yacht but not a shirt?"

"Well, you see," came the explanation, "I've got two shirts!"

—KERMIT WHITE

THINKING OF A GREAT BIG SILVER DOLLAR,
OF THE BOYS IN DEATH ROW, OF NAOMI
WITH THE PROUD MOUTH: A SHORT STORY



FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT

by CHESTER B. HIMES

When it first peeps around the edge of the grey-stone casing it looks like the shiny edge of a new silver dollar held tightly in a black-gloved hand. Only you see the latticework of steel bars, shadows against the black sky, and you know it's the moon peeping through your prison window. You lie on your bed and look at it for a while. And then you say to yourself in your best parole-board-room manner:

"Only God in His majestic and omnipotent greatness could have created such a mechanism. If I had just looked at it and used my brains instead of making faces at it, when I was a kid, I certainly couldn't have missed seeing that. I would have obeyed the Ten Commandments, probably. And I wouldn't be lying here on a dirty mattress five feet above the floor."

But you think about that shiny new dollar just the same. That's because you're broke now, like you were then. You can almost hear the words that go along with it, that is if you've heard them before:

"Listen, bo, you're broke and hungry. And this is a dollar, a whole, new dollar. It'll buy you a plate of ham and eggs and a coupla cups of coffee. And it'll buy you the drink you've been thinking about, too . . . " A smooth, persuasive flow of words. "A good, brimming drink of red whiskey. Two or three drinks . . . " He'll stop there for effect and glance into the avidness of your red-rimmed eves. You know he's sure of you. You feel the snow seeping through the paper-thin soles of your shapeless shoes. You wonder if he knows you feel it. And then he'll show you a little more of the dollar, too, just like the moon moving across your window. He'll say: "See, shiny, ain't it? Spells whiskey, good old red whiskey. . . . Four, good, stiff drinks down in your belly—that's what this dollar means. Just for a little favor. One little favor deserves another. . . ."

You'll look up into his face, then, because his words sound like the answer to your prayer. You can almost see that face, now, as you lie in your upper bunk and stare at the edge of the moon through your window—a syphilitic, pimpled face; beady, black eyes; a thin, red-lipped mouth that looks like it's bleeding. You think of baby killers and rats in a barn and of the people who rob graves. . . .

You want that drink, too. You want it bad—but you don't want it that bad. You shuffle away through the snow. It's cold. You shiver a little. . . .

BUT YOU'RE not really cold because you're in your upper bunk in a lousy prison, looking out the window at the moon. You want to laugh, but you don't. The lights have been out hours for silence. And then, all of a sudden, the moon seems to take a little jump, and you can see the whole, big, silver disk and the glowy aureole of star dust. It's on the left side of the black, bar-blocked squares that form your window, and you wonder if it makes people go crazy like they say it does—the moon, you mean—and if it draws water from the sea, and a whole lot of other crazy things. . . .

You think about the boys over in Death Row, too. Funny, you've never thought about them before, not like you do now. You wonder if they can see the moon, and what it means to them, over there, sitting through sleepless nights looking at it, waiting to walk in the parade.

You say "Damn!" all of a sudden and try to quit thinking about the short-timers over there because you know that thoughts like that will drive you nuts. But the thoughts linger in your mind like the sound of tramping feet when the convicts march. Phrases parade in your thoughts: "Last Mile"... "Journey's End"... "The night's for crying"... You wish you didn't have to remember things like that.

You try looking at the guys in the dormitory about you. There's the artist with the chiseled features in the sixth bed, down next to the aisle. Frowning in his sleep. In for killing his sweetheart, you heard. Said she was too damn beautiful to live. You get to wondering if he was supposed to go with her and lost his nerve. You look at that hard, pointed chin, at that face unrelaxed even in sleep, and you guess not.

You quit thinking of convicts and prisons and the tramp of marching feet and the boys in Death Row. You revel for a while in pleasant memories of the past . . . That time when you were in Miami-the winter after you had made the killing at Arlington Park. Looking down from the roof-garden of that luxurious hotel. The moon shining through a fringe of palm leaves. You stand there and gape at it all like a seed at a carnival. Away out on the molten sea of silver you see a smoke streamer from a passing liner. You say real low: "Ships that pass in the night." The blonde snuggles closer up on your elbow and murmurs "Unh-hunh." But you don't think of her. You wonder if the girl of your dreams is passing out there. You hear a faint echo of the deep, mournful whistle. You see stars in the sky. You see the moon-a big, silver disk so low you have the funny feeling that you could touch it if you stretched up your hand . .

AND YOU come out of it and find yourself cuddling your pillow up to your chest. You look up and there's the low, concrete ceiling, steel joists. You say "Heigh-ho!" and jump out of bed and run over to the latrine. You might bump into the big bruiser who killed the fruit peddler for four-teen cents. He's a little goofy and you won't say anything to him. Or you might meet one of the Negroes who sleep down that way. . . .

And then, on your way back, slipping in between the beds, you see a patch of moonlight on the floor, a long, greyish-silver rectangle with deep shadows about it. You think of a magic carpet laid there in the shadows by some prankish deity. You get to wondering if it would sail away if you stepped on it-and to where? And all of a sudden you realize that it's just moonlight on a concrete floor. You get cold all up and down your spine just remembering all the crazy things you were thinking. You wonder if the moon is driving you nutty and you hurry up and get back to bed.

You lie there and close your eyes and say: "I'm gonna quit thinking about moonlight and convicts and ships at sea and all this stuff. I'm going to sleep...."

But all of a sudden you find that the moon has opened your eyes again, and you're staring straight into the big, silver disk. And as you look at it, you see a face—the pretty, sly face of Naomi, or Wanda, or Rhoda. With the proud mouth and the soft eyes and strange, wistful smile. You lie there and think of her, and your thoughts get soft and a little sticky.

Naomi, who gave you the gate years ago, whom you dreamed about for years afterward. Naomi, whose voice you could hear at nights in the scream of a manifest as you lay in lousy, cootie-ridden "jungles" waiting to pull out. And now, looking at her face outlined with a queer, insane clarity on the surface of the moon, a face blocked off by a lattice-work of prison bars, you get to wondering what she's doing and where she is-if she's street-walking in 'Frisco, or raising babies in Waco, Texas. You say to her face in the moon: "Listen, if it hadn't been for you, you double-crossing strumpet, I wouldn't be rotting in this lousy stir right now." But you don't mean it.

For a long moment it seems as if the moon stands still and all eternity passes in parade before your subconscious mind while you stare again at the face of Naomi, or Wanda, or Rhoda. You feel funny in the stomach like you had taken a few from a heavyweight.

THEN THE thick, cloying silence about you will cut in on your thoughts. You laugh at yourself, low and shaky-like, because you're beginning to be afraid of your own thoughts. You see a guy sit up in bed and stick a lighted match to his cigarette. You feel a little relieved.

And way down the aisle, near the front end of the dormitory, you see a lance of moonlight slanting on the back of the guard's chair. You feel that the light is holding his chair suspended as he sways back and forth, perilously close to falling. You lie there and laugh inside because you're feeling light-headed and queer.

And all of a sudden you see that the moon is leaving your window. You see a thin edge of it on the other side. And you think again of that shiny, new dollar clutched tightly in the black-gloved hand. You know you've turned it down. It's cold. . . .

And then it's gone from your window. You can just see the pale aureole following in its wake—a soft, pale glow in the darkness. And pretty soon, that's gone, too,

and the night is black, and the bars are black against the black night.

You pull the cover up over your head and turn your back toward the window. You're going to sleep, you say to yourself, and quit thinking all this queer nonsense before you go crazy. . . . But you don't go to sleep.

Chester B. Himes writes with authority about the locale of this story: he spent seven years behind grey walls for robbery. He began his literary career by contributing to Negro publications, has since sold to a number of well-known magazines. At present he is struggling to inject continuity into 200,000 words which comprise a sociological novel in the making.

THE OLD WIFE'S TALE

In the bleak, evening hours when the camels huddle together for warmth in the shadow of the Sheikh's great tent, this is the story told by the elder wife to her younger companions.

There once lived a man who had wasted his youth in random dissipation. But when his hair turned white he thought to find peace and happiness in the arms of a young wife. Seeking far and wide, one morning as he passed through the market he chanced to see a darkeyed woman. Beneath her veil he thought her exquisite.

Pretending that he wished to examine the rugs she had for sale, he approached her stall and said to her, "O fair one, I am lonely and seek a young companion in my last years. If you will be my wife, I can give you jewels and servants. And if, alas, you are already married,

your husband is blessed with the greatest happiness a man can attain on earth."

The woman looked up at him and replied, "You are kind, indeed, and I have no husband. But you are deceived by my appearance, for beneath my veil my hair is white as that of any crone. I fear that you will not like that."

The rich man turned away from her and said, "You are right. I have made a mistake."

But as he turned to walk away the woman removed her veil and called to him, "Yes, you are mistaken. Look and see that I have not yet reached my twentieth year, and my hair is black and lustrous as a hawk's wing. All the more reason, therefore, that I would dislike the very thing in my husband that you would scorn to find in your wife."

-ROBERT DRAKE

We might find out more about animals if we began by thinking that we knew less. Perhaps in other species besides ours there is inspiration, superior mentality, even powers that we have lost. At least there are thought-provoking stories, such as those quoted here.

NOT OF OUR SPECIES

HOLDING A bundle of dry grass in its mouth, a skunk waddled to the edge of a small lake. Turning around, it backed into the water. When its legs were submerged, it waited for a while; then continued until its belly was under water.

By a process of moves and halts, the skunk continued to sink deeper, until it was entirely submerged. Suddenly it let go of the grass, and swam about under water for a few moments. Then it climbed out, nonchalantly shook itself free of water and trotted away.

On the floating grass were the chicken lice which had afflicted the skunk. They had kept climbing out of reach of the rising water, until they reached the grass. Frank W. Lane watched the whole procedure, and reported the case to the London Zoological society. It may be concluded that it is not only the Chinese who are clever.



Suicide in the animal world took place before the eyes of James Keegan, foreman of an agricultural crew working near Santa Rosa, California. The incident occurred on May 4, 1939.

Keegan had shot a rattlesnake, nearly severing its body. Instead of attempting to attack Keegan, the snake curled back its head and in plain sight of the startled foreman, who had by now stepped close by, jabbed its fangs repeatedly into the raw wound in its own body. It died in about a minute.

There has always been a legend, loudly scoffed at, that badly wounded rattlers take their own lives. Legends are queer things sometimes, like smoke without fire.



IN THE Deering, Chicago, police station a mongrel dog sat, waiting. It was near midnight on July 22, 1939. The dog sat on its haunches, its eyes looking at nothing in particular.

Miles across the city a woman lay dying in the County Hospital. During the day, the dog and the woman had been crossing a street, when she was struck by an automobile. Unidentified, she had been taken to the County Hospital. The dog had been loaded into the police car.

At exactly 11:30 the dog suddenly broke its silence. It howled, whimpered, then placed its paws over its eyes. Everyone in the station heard the dog, saw its actions. Several noted the time.

It was exactly 11:30 that the woman in the County Hospital died.



IN ATTEMPTING to record the speech of monkeys, R. L. Garner made phonograph recordings of what appeared to be the complaint of a Capuchin monkey about the recent bad weather. The monkey also made sounds that

did not seem connected with the weather. It happened that these later remarks were well recorded, while the weather complaint was blurred.

Many times the record was played over to the monkey. The Capuchin never paid any attention to the clearly recorded sounds, but as soon as the blurred complaint about the weather was played, he at once ran to the window of his cage and looked out at the sky.

A sound meaning bad weather that is not the beginning of language, it is half-way across the gap.



PEOPLE LOVE to see animals chew. To play up to this human instinct, special stumps were placed in the beaver enclosure at the Philadelphia Zoo. One male beaver took the hint, and chewed lustily.

Day after day, with minute accuracy, he gnawed. Early one morning when no keepers were about, the beaver took the final bite, stood aside, and let the stump fall. His aim was perfect; the stump fell so that one end rested on the top of the fence. The beaver scampered up the slanting trunk, and on over the fence.

Human engineers are considered reasoning animals.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

A COLORFUL CREW, THE WILSONS. WHAT WITH THEIR MARTYR, THEIR UNCLESAM AND A HOST OF OTHERS

IS YOUR NAME WILSON?

by ALVIN F. HARLOW

s is the case with most of our American family names, the origin of the Wilsons is lost in fogs of legend, centuries behind us.

There were Wilsons in England and Scotland in the Middle Ages, and in Ireland at least as early as the seventeenth century; and each family had its story and stuck to it. To make matters worse, the name branched out into Willson, Wills, Willis, Willison and of course no telling how many more.

One pundit picks up a certain Wil-

liam-just William-at the end of the thirteenth century, from whom he thinks the family derived its name. His son, "John de Hunshelf, otherwise De Waldershelf'-here, here, what's become of that name Wilson?-was born about 1320 in Yorkshire, where the name of the family evolved as the centuries passed into Wilson, and that of the estate into Walder-

shaigh. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. one finds the Wilsons spreading into the neighboring counties of Cheshire, Cumberland. Westmoreland. The southern counties of Scotland were peppered thickly with them - in Lanarkshire we find the name as early as 1484 - and they were also pretty solidly settled in

Banff and Elgin, far to northward.

The Wilsons of Banffshire were a rowdy lot, as the kirk records clearly show. In 1661, "Elspet Wilsone complaines on Isobel Gray for calling her a thiefe and stealing eight merk, and consigns



a dollar of pledge. Witnesses deposing negative, Elspet Wilsone is ordained to satisfie before the pulpit and her dollar keeped."

A few years later John Wilsone of Brakenhills was haled into kirk. but "denyed fishing on the Sabbath day." Peter Johnstone, however, "confessed that he did tack some trout on the Sabbath," and added that "John Wilsone did take a greate eel. John Wilsone then confessed. Both ordained to satisfie before the pulpit and pay ilk ane of them a merk." A few years more and we find two girls, "Isabell Wilson and Mt. Lawrence convict of grapling together in time of divine service." They had to sit "next Lord's day without plaids or gowns about their heads" in a prominent place in the kirk, "and after sermon to come up before the pulpit and be rebuked for their crimes. Mt. Lawrence to pay 4 merks of fine and Isabell Wilson 5 merks."

But there was another Wilson girl who became one of Scotland's most revered martyrs. In 1684-5, when the Presbyterian Covenanters were being persecuted for their faith, the three children of Gilbert Wilson of Glenvernock in Wigtonshire—Thomas, aged 16, Margaret, 18, and Agnes, 13—refused to recant, "fled and lived in the

wild mountains, bogs and caves." Their parents were forbidden to aid, communicate with or see them, and the neighbors were forced to aid in the search for them "with hue and cry." The boy Thomas remained hidden in the hills, but the two girls stole back one night to see their parents and were captured. Their father succeeded in buying freedom for the little one, but for Margaret there was no forgiveness, for she refused to recant; and so, on May 11th, 1685, she and Margaret Lauchlan, aged 63, another stubborn Presbyterian, were drowned in the waters of an arm of Solway Firth. A monument to the two women has long stood at the spot.

THE SCOTTISH Wilsons evidently began emigrating to Ulster soon after James I of England had seized that province, driven out most of the Catholic inhabitants and re-colonized it with Scotch and English Protestants. We have found no valid evidence that there were any Wilsons in Ireland before that time.

Some of the earliest Wilsons in America were from the English stocks. Roger Wilson of Scrooby, a nonconformist, went to Leyden, Holland, in 1608 with Bradford and other Puritans, and helped to finance the sailing of the Mayflower in 1620. His son John emigrated to Massachusetts in 1651 to father a large American family. Among his descendants was George Francis Wilson, noted nineteenth century inventor and manufacturer.

Robert Wilson, who died in 1644 owning much property in Warwickshire and the city of London, must have had many descendants in America, for a considerable number of them-proven and alleged-met in 1848 and formed an association, hoping to gain possession of his estate, then said to be worth "Millions." Nothing was achieved, and again in 1865 an organization was effected, and a call was sent out over the country for Wilsons to contribute five dollars each to help the cause along; but again the results were disappointing.

A descendant of the New England Wilsons was Benjamin Allen Wilson, born in upper New York state early in the nineteenth century, a sewing machine inventor; remember Wheeler & Wilson? Another Yankee was Samuel, born in Massachusetts in 1766. At twenty-three Sam set out on foot with his brother Ebenezer for Troy, New York, where he spent the next 66 years of his life. He and

Ebenezer became prosperous meat packers, and by the time he was fifty he was being called Uncle Sam, to distinguish him from a younger Sam Wilson in the town.

During the War of 1812, Elbert Anderson, an army contractor, bought quantities of salt meat from the Wilsons and specified that it must be packed in casks branded EA US. Someone asked in Wilson's presence one day what the letters meant, and another bystander-whether ignorantly or in jest, we do not know-replied, "Why, Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam, here!" And thus was born a national symbol. Up to that time the personification of America had been Brother Ionathan: but from that time forward the new metonymy took hold rapidly, and before jolly Sam Wilson died in 1854, he had the fun of seeing his own nickname built up into a whiskered human figure which typified America.

Not a few Wilsons who have made noted names for themselves in the United States were born on the other side. Such were Samuel T., noted Catholic prelate, and Samuel R., prominent Presbyterian clergyman, both natives of London; John Wilson (1590-1667), minister and author, born in Windsor and Ernest Henry Wilson, botanist, born in Gloucestershire. Some of our Wilsons came directly from the peat smoke of Scotland. Such, it is said, was Gowen Wilson, who founded the Maine family, and who came to Kittery around 1640. And there were the more noted ones, such as James, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who was born in Fifeshire. Alexander, the ornithologist (1766-1813); Peter, nineteenth century philologist; General Iames Grant Wilson, Civil War soldier, editor and author; William B., our first Secretary of Labor (under Woodrow Wilson!); James, Secretary of Agriculture under McKinley, Taft and Roosevelt, were all born in bonnie Scotland.

So far as we can discover, the north of Ireland Wilsons all had their ancestral roots in Scotland. From one of these, Robert, who emigrated to South Carolina about 1735, came a distinguished family, some scions of whom took a rich Southern accent to New York less than a century and a half later, intermarried with the Vanderbilts and became members of the Four Hundred.

Our President's grandfather, James Wilson, was born in County Down in 1787 of Scotch ancestry, learned the printer's trade, married a Scotch-Irish girl, Anne Adams and emigrated to Philadelphia. One of his sons was for a time (1852-3) owner and editor of the Chicago Tribune. Another son, Joseph Ruggles, became a clergyman and married Jessie Woodrow, born in Cumberland, England of Scotch parents; and their son became our great War President.

The name of Robert Burns Wilson, Kentucky poet and artist, indicates his background. William L., Postmaster-General under Cleveland and president of Washington and Lee University, John Lockwood, Seattle publisher and senator, John F., senator, John Fleming, author, are all of that Scotch-Irish ancestry.

Not a few families of Wilsons have been notable for longevity and fecundity. There was Alexander Wilson, born in Ulster in 1650, who fought through the siege of Londonderry and the Battle of the Boyne under King William of England. He was an early arrival at that famous Scotch-Irish settlement, Londonderry, New Hampshire in 1719. There he died long afterward, aged 93. They had thirteen children. They were the grandparents of James Wilson, the first manufacturer of

globes in America, who also died at 92.

And there was a Wilson in Dearborn County, Indiana, who passed away at the age of 105, having been married five times and fathered 47 children. No wonder the Wilsons are so numerous!

-Suggestions for further reading:

SEARCHING FOR YOUR ANCESTORS \$2.50
by Gilbert Doane

Whittlesey House, New York

GENEALOGY AS PASTIME AND PROFESSION
by Donald Lines Jacobus \$2.50

Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor,

New Haven, Conn.

THE ART OF ANCESTOR HUNTING \$3.75 by Oscar Frank Stetson Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt.



AUDUBON

The striking painting of a white-headed eagle on the facing gatefold shows Audubon as everyone knows him—as the world's foremost delineator of bird life. The book from which this reproduction was taken, Audubon's America, edited by Donald Culross Peattie, shows him in an additional role—as a witness and a reporter of the history of the prairies. John James Audubon (1785-1851) was born in what is now Haiti and was sent to study in Paris by his father, a French naval officer. Having settled in the New World, in 1827 he undertook his great work, The Birds of America, a labor of eleven years' duration, with its 435 elaborate hand-colored plates now regarded as priceless. The house which Audubon built by the Hudson still stands in New York City.

SHIRLEY

The seven portraits which appear on the reverse side of the facing gatefold represent the foundation of one of the most ambitious and significant projects undertaken by an American artist in recent years. Impressed with the still undiluted purity of the strains which go to make up the melting pot, Miss Friend has determined to set down on canvas the chief elements of the nation's miscellaneous anthropological heritage, as mirrored in the faces of first and second generation immigrants. In the completion of her project she works solely with children, since she believes that racial characteristics are most pronounced in the young.











BOHEMIAN IMMIGRANT

Melting Pot Tykes A COLLECTION OF NEIGHBORHOOD PORTRAITS

by Shirley Friend

COURTESY OF O'BRIEN GALLERIES CHICAGO



Melting Pot Tykes
A COLLECTION OF NEIGHBORHOOD PORTRAITS

by Shirley Friend

COURTESY OF O'BRIEN GALLERIES CHICAGO







TEARFUL URCHIN





FILIPINO BOY





CAN YOU REMEMBER A FACE?

Some of us frequently forget the face as well as the name. Others possess memories that almost live up to that broad statement, "I never forget a face." In which category do you belong? Study these fifteen faces for two minutes. Then turn the page, where you will be asked to complete the test by selecting these fifteen faces out of a group of thirty.



IF you have studied for two minutes the fifteen photographs on the reverse side of this page, you are ready to continue with this test. If you haven't, turn back and start at the beginning. Assuming you are ready to go ahead, you are now asked to glance at the thirty photographs reproduced on this and the opposite page and identify the fifteen among them which you saw on the preceding page. There is no time limit on this operation. When you see a face you think you remember, jot down on a separate sheet of paper the number that is printed at its left hand side. You should, of course, wind up with fifteen numbers. Having done this, turn to page 148 where you will find the right answers. If twelve or more of your identifications are correct, you have a good memory for faces.



CORONET



FEBRUARY, 1941 77

A CONSCIENTIOUS SNORER MAKES
AS MUCH NOISE AS AN AUTOMOBILE
AND IS MORE DIFFICULT TO STOP



SNORING: CAUSE AND CURE

by ISHBEL ROSS

THE snorer has his own blissful anaesthesia. His nuisance value is high, but he is apt to live complacently in a world where he does not hear his own snores, his sleep is profound, his conscience is clear, and insomnia does not worry him.

He casts his gloomy shadow but does not walk in it, and he is incredulous when some one tells him he snores—or else he laughs. Why not, since snoring has not attained the dignity of pathology or the respect of serious diagnosis, but remains fair game for the cartoonist and humorist?

Snoring is an untidy habit that seems anachronistic in a streamlined age. By rights it should have vanished with nightcaps and feather beds, but it hangs on, as persistent as life itself—a universal custom, common to all countries, all races and all ages, although more pronounced in northern climates where respiratory ills flourish. Philosophers and fools can snore with equal vigor and the most dignified human being sheds his halo in a hurry when he slumps into sleep with his mouth wide open and breathes like a grampus.

One out of every eight persons is said to snore more or less habitually, although we all are guilty at one time or another, when we assume cramped positions or doze in trains and other moving vehicles. Men snore more frequently and consistently than women, although the feminine snore can be just as hearty. The alcoholic is the king of snorers; none can touch him—or make him stop.

But, in general, snoring has no significance beyond improper posture or clogged nasal passages. It does not indicate mental or emotional unrest, an uneasy conscience, or any disturbance of the subconscious. A snore is just as likely to issue from the flower-like face of a rotogravure beauty as it is from a dog-tired stevedore.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL explanation is simple. Snoring is caused by the vibration of the soft palate and uvula, the result of a partial vacuum produced in the nose when one breathes through the mouth. Reduced to its simplest terms, it is nothing more or less than a mild disorder of the breathing apparatus which, when functioning perfectly, means the free passage of air through the nostrils, a closed mouth and quiet respiration.

The reedlike vibration of the soft palate accounts for the variety of tones achieved by the snorer, but the effect invariably is one of dissonance. No one yet has discovered any melody in the strange sounds emitted by the snorer. They may be hoarse, grunting, rattling, bellowing, wheezing or plaintive, but whatever their timbre, they are sure to be unpleasant. The snoring that betokens nose obstruction is usually more wheezing than the uninhibited effects heard in the Pullman, but it is also more susceptible to treatment, since it has a pathological cause. Enlarged turbinates, bone deformities, polypi, tumors, sinus infections and the common head cold all help materially to swell the volume of snoring that rises nightly from millions of homes, inspiring irritation and occasional fury in the helpless bystander.

Fortunately for romance, snoring is at its lowest ebb between the ages of ten and thirty. Under ten, the cure is likely to be tonsillectomy, with adenoids thrown in. But after thirty it gets worse with every decade, reaching its climax in senescence. With old age the jaw muscles slacken, the tendency to short naps increases and snoring becomes inevitable. Grandfather snoozing in his chair and snoring lustily is a familiar sight in many households. He wakens with a start after a particularly loud bellow. He looks around, vaguely aware of some noise in the offing, but he fails to connect it with his own breathing processes. He has a crick in his neck, his glasses have slipped down, his mouth feels dry, but he is quite unconscious of what has been happening.

There is ample tolerance for Grandfather's snoring. It goes with his cane, his carpet slippers and his weakened muscles. But in the young and able-bodied, the habit becomes an offense and the snorer soon qualifies as a public nuisance. Catnappers almost invariably snore. The answer is simple, for they fall asleep under casual circumstances and in strained positions. Their heads fall back, their mouths open and soon they are snoring lustily. Watch them in trains or in other public conveyances-slumped in the full abandonment of uneasy sleep, off guard and breathing heavily. The moment of awakening is dark-brown and bitter, but this is the maximum discomfort the snorer experiences himself: the burden has been borne by his neighbors.

While making a study of sleep with the co-operation of students at Colgate University, Dr. Donald Laird used an audiometer to appraise the effects of snoring. He found that the snorer could hit as high as forty decibels, with a minimum of twenty-five. A noisy office or an automobile touches forty decibels, the subway rates eighty. This gives some conception of the strain imposed on his relatives by a snoring member of the family. The noise is quite sufficient to awaken others out of a sound sleep. It carries easily through the thin walls of apartments and resort hotels. Often it is heard all over the home in small or congested dwellings. Bad as it is when it's in the family, we are doubly irked when a stranger impinges on our sleep and rest. Then the ludicrous aspects of snoring are forgotten and annoyance is apt to set in.

When an obscure citizen named George Little wrote a plaintive letter to a national women's magazine in 1915 imploring aid to help cure his snoring, he became something of a national cause. People talked about George and his frightful affliction. Thousands of aggravated wives and a handful of husbands wrote in describing their miseries and suggesting remedies that ranged all the way from divorce to bludgeoning the snorer with a rolling pin.

The correspondence made it quite evident that heroic measures were being used in different parts of the country to quell the family snorer. There were wives who freely admitted taping their husbands' mouths with court plaster, tying up their jaws with silk handkerchiefs, fastening spools to the back of their pajama coats, rousing them remorselessly from their sleep every time they snored or battering them into full consciousness. The wives of alcoholics fared worst with this technique, for their husbands slept like the dead.

The ultimate fate of Mr. Little of Pittsburgh remains obscure to this day. No one knows if his snoring was cured, but he stirred up a lively debate, for in nearly every family there is one chronic offender. The chances are he cannot help it. The more soundly a man sleeps the more likely he is to snore. It is a sign of deep relaxation and profound slumber. Snoring is more common in the winter months, and this is due to colds, to stuffy rooms, to poor ventilation and a tendency to burrow under the covers in order to keep warm. Burying the face in a pillow is one sure way to start the discordant vibrations. Too much smoking and food allergies are now believed to be irritating factors also, although there is no scientific evidence to bolster up this theory, aside from their bearing on general disorders of the upper respiratory system.

Snoring is rare among Indians, although they share our climatic conditions. Their children are taught to sleep with their mouths closed, so as to prevent throat troubles. They are calm sleepers and are not wracked by insomnia or other sleep disorders. We are a race of restless sleepers, due to high tension, brain fag, and the chronic stimulation of an exceed-

ingly high-geared civilization.

There is no known cure for snoring, although certain simple measures such as these may help:

See that your sleeping conditions are as nearly ideal as possible:

That your pillow is low or (better still) that you sleep without any

That your mattress is hard rather than soft

That your room has good ventilation

That the steam heat is off and that your covers are not stuffy

That you settle yourself in as relaxed a posture as possible

That you do not fall asleep on your back (if you can help it)

That you lie with your arms down at your sides

That your nasal passages are clear

That you are not over-stuffed with food or liquor when you retire.

THE MISSING factor, of course, is the ability to control one's posture during sleep. Research experts in this field find that we move every twenty minutes or so all night long, and nothing is going to keep us from rolling over on our backs in the full unconsciousness of slumber. This is where artificial measures come in. At present there are at least five devices on the market for those who can stand tying themselves up in knots at bed time.

The most direct mode of attack is a pink satin pillow about six inches long and three inches wide which rests against one's back and is tied around the waist with a belt. It is guaranteed to make the sleeper roll over the moment he lies on his back and feels the pressure. The pink pillow sells along with eyeshades and the other restwell devices offered to a harassed and nerve-wracked public.

For those who can bear it (and what woman who has ever strapped up her double chin should object?), there is a simple helmet of netting that holds the lower jaw firmly in place and knots around the head, like the silk handkerchief harness imposed by many a wife on her husband, on the simple principle of keeping his mouth shut by force.

More grim are two mouthpieces

—one of celluloid, the other of a pink wax composition resembling an artificial plate—which are inserted inside the lips, forcing the mouth to stay shut. Desperate indeed is the plight of the snorer who is obliged to rig himself up in this manner before seeking the comfort of his downy couch.

As a last resort ear plugs are offered—not to the snorer but to his sleeping companion—an oblique approach to the problem but perhaps the soundest of all, since the snorer frequently belongs among the incurables and the only adequate refuge from him lies in flight or in such total oblivion as can be achieved.

Ishbel Ross was born in Scotland, began her newspaper career in Canada and went on to greater glory as a star reporter for the New York Herald-Tribune. She has to her credit five novels and two non-fiction books, including Ladies of the Press, a source book on journalism. Although she still pounds the typewriter, she is now principally occupied as the wife of Bruce Rae, assistant managing editor of The New York Times, and as the mother of a six-year-old daughter.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 35-38

1-C, 2-B, 3-C, 4-C, 5-A, 6-B, 7-A, 8-B, 9-C, 10-C; 11-C, 12-A, 13-B, 14-B, 15-B, 16-A, 17-C, 18-C, 19-B, 20-C; 21-A, 22-B, 23-B, 24-A, 25-B; 26-A, 27-C, 28-B, 29-C, 30-A; 31-C, 32-B, 33-C, 34-A, 35-B, 36-A, 37-B, 38-C, 39-B, 40-C; 41-A, 42-B, 43-C, 44-B, 45-C, 46-C, 47-B, 48-C, 49-B, 50-C.





"I designed an oval, almost two-thirds of a cubit in size; and upon this oval, as the sea appears to embrace the earth, I made two . . .

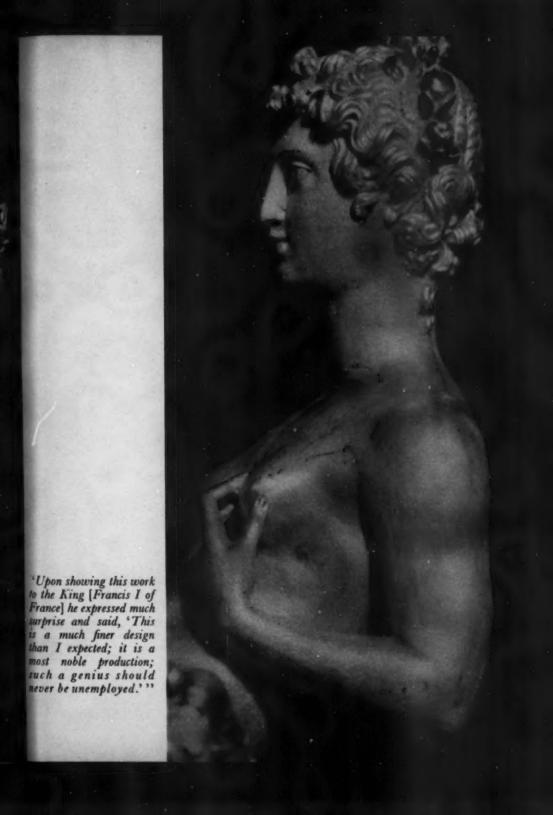






"By the hand of the male figure, representing ocean, I put a ship contrived with great art, in which was deposited a large quantity of salt; under this I represented four sea horses... the indulation of the water was enamelled with its true colors....?

mos suc





"In her hand the earth held a little temple, the architecture of the Ionic order, and the workmanship very nice . . . after I showed the King this piece of work I immediately invited several of my most intimate friends to dinner and put the salt cellar on the table; thus we were the very first to make use of it, and spent the day very cheerfully."

THAT'S A FINE HOWDY-DO, SAID MA, TICKLING A WIDOW'S BARE TOES WITH A CHICKEN FEATHER: A SHORT STORY



MY OLD MAN AND THE GRASS WIDOW

by Erskine Caldwell

When my old man got up earlier than usual and left the house, he did not say where he was going, and Ma was so busy getting ready to do the washing she did not think to ask him.

Usually when he went off like that, and Ma asked him where he was going, he would say he had to see somebody about something on the other side of town, or that he had a little job to attend to not far off. I don't know what he would have said that morning if Ma hadn't been too busy to ask him.

Anyway, he had got up before anybody else and went straight to the kitchen and cooked his own breakfast. By the time I was up and dressed, he had finished hitching Ida, our mule, to the cart. He climbed up on the seat and started driving out into the street. "Can't I go, Pa?" I asked him. I ran down the street beside the cart, holding on to the sideboard and begging to go along. "Please let me go, Pa!" I said.

"Not now, son," he said, slapping Ida with the reins and whipping her into a trot. "If I need you later, I'll send for you."

They clattered down the street and turned the corner out of sight.

When I got back to the house, Ma was in the kitchen working over the cook-stove. I sat down and waited for something to eat, but I did not say anything about Pa. It made me feel sad to be left behind like that when Pa and Ida were going some place, and I didn't feel like talking, even to Ma. I just sat at the table by the stove and waited.

Ma ate in a hurry and went out into the yard to kindle the fire underneath the washpot.

Early that afternoon one of the neighbors, Mrs. Singer, who lived on the corner below us, came walking into our backyard. I saw her before Ma did, because I had been sitting on the porch steps almost all day waiting for Pa to come back.

Mrs. Singer went over to the bench where Ma was washing. She stood and didn't say anything for a while. Then all at once she leaned over the tub and asked Ma if she knew where Pa was.

"Most likely sleeping in the shade somewhere," Ma said, not even straightening up from the scrub board. "Unless he's too lazy to move out of the sun."

"I'm in dead earnest, Martha," Mrs. Singer said, coming closer to Ma. "I really am."

Ma turned around and looked at me on the porch.

"Run along into the house, William," she said crossly.

I went up on the porch as far as the kitchen door. I could hear there just as good.

"Now, Martha," Mrs. Singer said, leaning over and putting her hands on the edge of the tub, "I'm not a gossip, and I don't want you to think I'm anything like one. But I thought you would want to hear the truth."

"What is it?" Ma asked.

"Mr. Stroup is out at that Mrs. Weatherbee's this very minute," she said quickly. "And that's not all, either. He's been out there at her house all day long, too. Just him and her!"

"How do you know?" Ma asked, straightening up.

"I passed there and saw him with my own eyes, Martha," Mrs. Singer said. "I decided right then and there that it was my duty to tell you."

Mrs. Weatherbee was a young grass widow who lived all alone just outside of town. She had been married for only two months when her husband left her one morning and never came back.

"What is Morris Stroup doing out there at that place?" Ma said, raising her voice just as if she were blaming everything on Mrs. Singer.

"That's not for me to say, Martha," she said, backing away from Ma. "But I considered it my Christian duty to warn you."

She left the yard and hurried out of sight around the corner of the house. Ma leaned over and sloshed the water in the tub until a lot of it splashed out. After a minute or two she turned around and started across the yard, drying her hands on her apron as she went.

"You go inside the house and stay there until I come back. I want to think you are obeying me, William. Do you hear me, William?"

"I hear you, Ma," I said, backing toward the door.

She walked out of the yard in a hurry and went up the street. That was the direction to take to get to Mrs. Weatherbee's house. She lived about three-fourths of a mile from where we did.

I stood on the back porch out of sight until Ma crossed the street at the next corner, and then I ran around the house and cut across Mr. Joe Hammond's vacant lot toward the creek. I knew a short cut to Mrs. Weatherbee's house, because I had passed by it a lot of times going rabbit hunting with Handsome Brown, our colored houseboy. Handsome had always said it was a good idea to know short cuts to every place, because there was no telling when one would come in handy just when it was needed the most. I was glad I knew a short cut to Mrs. Weatherbee's, because Ma would have seen me if I had gone behind her.

I ran all the way out there, keeping close to the willows along the creek just like Handsome and I had done every time we went out there looking for rabbits. Just before I got to Mrs. Weatherbee's house I stopped and looked around for Pa. I couldn't see him anywhere about Mrs. Weatherbee's house. I couldn't even see her.

Then I crossed the creek and ran up the lane toward the house, keeping close to the fence that was covered over with honeysuckle vines.

It didn't take long to get as far as the garden, and as soon as I looked around the corner post I saw Ida, our sugar mule, standing at the garden gate. All she was doing was standing there switching flies with her tail. I think she must have recognized me right away, because she pricked up both ears and held them straight up in the air while she watched me.

I had started crawling around the garden fence when I looked across Mrs. Weatherbee's backyard and saw Ma coming jumping. She was leaping over the cotton rows, headed straight for the backyard.

Just then I heard Mrs. Weatherbee giggle. I looked toward the house, and I didn't even have to get up off my knees to see her and my old man. Mrs. Weatherbee kept it up, giggling as if she were out of her head, just exactly like the girls at school did when they knew a secret about something. At first all I could see was Mrs. Weatherbee's bare legs and feet dangling over the side of the porch. Then I saw my old man standing on the ground tickling her with a chicken feather. Mrs. Weatherbee was lying on her back on the porch, and he was standing there tickling her bare toes for all he was worth. Every once in a while he would sort of leap off the ground when she giggled the loudest. She had taken off her shoes and stockings, because I could see them in a heap on the porch.

Mrs. Weatherbee was not old like the other married women. because she had been going to high school in town when she got married that spring, and she had been a grass widow for only three or four months. She lay there on the porch squirming on her back, kicking her feet over the edge, and screaming and giggling like she was going to die if my old man didn't stop tickling her with the chicken feather. Every once in a while she would laugh as loud as she could, and that made everything funnier than ever, because when she did that my old man would leap up into the air like a Kangaroo.

I had forgotten all about Ma, because I was so busy listening to Mrs. Weatherbee and watching my old man, but just then I looked across the yard and saw Ma coming. She made straight for the porch where they were.

Everything happened so fast from then on that it was hard to follow what was taking place. The first thing I knew after that was when Ma grabbed my old man by the hair on his head and slung him backward, clear off his feet. Then she grabbed one of Mrs. Weatherbee's bare feet and bit it as hard as she could. Mrs. Weatherbee let out a scream that must have been heard all the way to town.

Mrs. Weatherbee sat up then, and Ma grabbed at her, getting a good grip on the neck of her calico dress. It ripped away from her just like a piece of loose wallpaper. Mrs. Weatherbee screamed again when she saw her dress go.

By that time Ma had turned on my old man. He was sitting on the ground, too scared to move an inch.

"What do you mean by this, Morris Stroup!" she yelled at him.

"Why, Martha, I only just came out here to do a good deed for a poor widow-woman," he said, looking up at Ma the way he does when he's scared. "Her garden sass needed cultivating, and so I just hitched up Ida and came out here to plow it a little for her."

Ma whirled around and grabbed at Mrs. Weatherbee again. This time the only way she could get a grip on Mrs. Weatherbee was to clutch her by the hair.

"I reckon, Morris Stroup," Ma said, turning her head and looking down at my old man, "that tickling a widow's toes with a chicken feather makes the garden sass grow better!"

"Now, Martha," he said, sliding backward on the ground away from her, "I didn't think of it that way at all. I just wanted to do the widow-woman a kindly deed when I saw her sass growing weedy."

"Shut up, Morris Stroup!" Ma said. "The next thing you'll be doing will be putting the blame on Ida."

"Now, Martha," my old man said, sliding away some more on the seat of his pants, "that ain't no way to look at things. She's a poor widow-woman."

"I'll look at it the way I please," Ma said, stamping her foot. "I have to go out and strip the leaves off milk weeds for enough food to

keep body and soul together while you go around the country with a mule and plow cultivating grass widows' gardens. Not to mention tickling their bare toes with chicken feathers, besides. That's a pretty howdy-do!"

My old man opened his mouth as though he wanted to say something, but Ma turned Mrs. Weatherbee loose and grabbed him by his overall straps before he could speak a single word. Then she led him at a fast pace to the garden post where Ida was tied up. She took Ida by the bridle with one hand, still pulling my old man with the other, and started across the cotton field toward home. Ida knew something was wrong, because she trotted to keep up with Ma without being told to.

I raced down the lane to the creek, and hurried home by the short cut. I got there only a minute ahead of them.

When Ma came into our backyard leading Ida and my old man, I couldn't keep from snickering a little at the way both of them looked. Ida looked every bit as sheepish as my old man.

Ma glanced up at me standing on the porch.

"Stop that going-on, William," she said crossly. "Sometimes I

think you're just as bad as your pa."

My old man cut his eyes around and looked up at me. He winked with his right eye and went across the yard to Ida's stall, following Ma as meek as a pup. Just before they went into the shed, my old man stooped down and picked up a chicken feather that one of the hens had shed. While Ma was leading Ida inside, he stuffed the feather into his pocket out of sight.

Although best known in this country for having authored Tobacco Road, from which novel the champion long-distance play was adapted, Erskine Caldwell has written numerous other books which have been widely translated—even into Chinese and the Scandinavian. He was born in the hinterlands of Georgia in 1902, has been a cotton picker, pro football player, screen writer and lecturer. A couple of years ago he married Margaret Bourke-White, ace feminine photographer; they have collaborated on several volumes. Their home is in Mt. Vernon, Maine.

THE OLD HALF-SHELL GAME

One bitter cold evening in December, Benjamin Franklin was obliged to put up for the night at the sole inn of a small village. After hanging up his wraps, Franklin made his way into the big kitchen where a splendid fire was blazing in the hearth. However, the fire was surrounded by a crowd of travelers and villagers and he was unable to get near it.

After a few minutes Franklin demanded in a loud voice, "Mr. Hotel-keeper, have they given my horse a rub-down?"

"Oh yes sir, they are doing it now, and I'm going to give him hay as you ordered."

"Good! Now another thing. You have oysters, haven't you? Well, have two dozen taken to my horse. On the half shell..."

"Oysters to your horse," stammered the manager, "Why sir, I—"

"Do as I say," Franklin continued in the same loud voice, "And see that you give him a good cocktail sauce."

When the stable boy came through the room with the large platter of oysters, everyone pressent followed him out to the stable, whereupon Franklin ensconced himself in the best place by the fire.

A few minutes later the boy returned, with the plate of oysters intact. "He didn't seem to want them, sir."

"Oh bother!" exclaimed Franklin. "His finicky appetite will be the death of me. Very well—fry them for my supper."

-BLANCHE S. KAHN

THE NEXT BEST THING TO STRIKING
OIL OR DISCOVERING GOLD IS THE
"FARMING" OF THESE FURRY RODENTS



CHINCHILLA FOR LESS

by CHARLES LEANMAN

To the fluttering female heart, a chinchilla coat is the ultimate in glamour and luxury. This furry symbol of opulence and heavy financing represents a paltry cash outlay of approximately thirty-five grand, which explains the cruel fact, some furriers say, that you can count probably on twenty-five fingers the number of feminine shoulders snuggling beneath the soft caress of genuine chinchillas.

Visionaries can do better than that if wife, sweetheart, or daughter can be persuaded to postpone fulfillment of her covetous desires. A pair of chinchillas can be bought for the comparatively niggardly sum of \$3,200, and in due time the unfailing processes of biology would eventually provide the sixty-five pelts necessary to make a three-quarter length coat.

Practically all the chinchilla pelts that will appear as coats, wraps or trimmings, will be produced in the future in the United States. Prior to 1923 there was not one live chinchilla in the country. In February of that year eight males and three females were brought to Los Angeles, and now, in suburban Inglewood, there is the largest chinchilla farm in the world.

The last sentence encompasses an exciting story that begins in the towering Chilean Andes, native habitat of the chinchilla. Here, in altitudes of trom 6,000 to 12,000 feet, lived this little aristocrat of the rodent family.

His dense fur, which has a tuft formation of approximately eighty hairs to a single follicle, kept him warm amid the snow and ice. He rooted under the snow for tender roots and herbs, or ate the bark of certain trees. His keen sense of hearing and his capacity for using the limited allies of crevice and brush as protection from his natural enemies, assured him a long life. Average life span in captivity is approximately eight years. It probably is less than that in his native state.

But this Shangri-La was not to last. The chinchilla's fur was in demand. Carnivores liked his delicious flesh. Birds of prey swooped down from the Andean crags and carried him away to their aeries for their young. The three-fold menace of man, animals and birds of prey closed in, tightening the ring of death year after year. Extinction was inevitable. Then an American mining engineer, the late M. F. Chapman of Los Angeles, stepped in. And with him, came salvation for the chinchilla.

CHAPMAN was impressed with the fine texture, and inch and a half depth of the fur pearl grey at the tips and a dark slate-blue at the skin, and the germ of an idea took root. He believed that the threatened extinction of the chinchilla could be prevented by raising them in captivity. He envisioned a breeding farm and a vast market for their fine fur.

For four arduous years Chapman hunted, spurred by the thought of one of the most fascinating and profitable ventures ever conceived. Everything was against him. Though its home was isolated in the hole formations of the rocks, the chinchilla was wary. Recurrent danger had sharpened its wits. The terrain was difficult, the climate frigid.

The crude method of placing a wire mesh over the entrance to the homes of the rodents and starving them out proved unsatisfactory. Guns were out of the question. Even the use of snare-traps failed to help. Discouragement nudged him, but Chapman kept on.

Then one morning he found a snare-trap down. He approached stealthily, to find a bewildered, soft-furred little creature that was destined to be the charter member of the Chapman herd. Maintenance of the captured animals and continued search for others involved still greater hardships. When at last Chapman decided to head for civilization four years later, his precious cargo consisted of eleven chinchillas. Based on \$1,600 each that later became the recognized price for a single live chinchilla, the total value came to \$17,600. Potentially, the little herd was worth millions of dollars.

But Chapman's troubles were just beginning. He had to arrange for prompt transportation, and prepare for the obvious danger involved by the sudden change from freezing temperatures of the Andes to the sweltering temperatures of equatorial waters, and subsequently the balmy climate of California.

In his stateroom Chapman constructed an ice cage. Even so, the chinchillas began to droop when the ship nosed into equatorial waters. Chapman and his wife lavished tender care on them. They banked them with ice packs obtained from the steward and remained up day and night taking turns caring for them until the danger had passed.

THESE eleven little strangers constituted the first chinchilla farm in the United States and are the ancestors of the 3,000 mated pairs scattered throughout the thirty-five farms in this country and Canada. More than fifty per cent of that number is cared for at the Inglewood ranch—the largest in the world—making the total monetary evaluation sound like a federal government defense appropriation.

Without any previous experi-

ence in the business, Chapman began a systematic study of the habits of his charges. The chinchilla has none of the vicious habits of other members of the rodent family to which it belongs. It weighs about twenty-two ounces fully grown and bears a resemblance to the rabbit in the form of its head. It is naturally affectionate, easy to handle, and responds to gentle care. It is clean in personal habits, and because of the thickness of its fur, which is believed unequalled in density, is not infested with parasites.

The gestation period of chinchillas is about 111 days. At birth it weighs from one and a half to two ounces, and averages a little less than two per litter. The newborn chinchilla is completely furred, its eyes are open and it can even scamper a bit. The young are separated from their parents when they are sixty days old, and thirty days later are permitted to sever all home ties and set up their own families.

They mate about 120 days after birth and breed any time thereafter, with the average first litter delivered when the female is approximately eleven months old. Some fecund pairs become parents three times a year, but the average is under twice in a year's time. No flirt or philanderer is the captive chinchilla. Supervised though it is, theirs is a real love match, and never is it a case of love at first sight. They are mated with difficulty, the females especially being meticulous about the choice of a life partner, but the match lasts until death intervenes.

Though an epicure, the chinchilla's annual food bill is between one and two dollars. It is herbivorous, its diet consisting of scientifically prepared pellets supplemented by dehydrated alfalfa, dried orchard grass, dandelion leaves and other greens, barks and various grains.

Despite the change from the snowy Andes to California, and later to Rochester, or Denver or Winnipeg, to name a few farms where they are located, they are in thriving health, and in seventeen years' time have increased from eleven to 6,000.

Statistics covering thirteen ranches in the United States and Canada show that the average annual gross increase of chinchillas is 127 per cent. Annual net increase totals eighty-five per cent. Death of offspring comes to twenty-three per cent, with the males the more vulnerable.

The fur market in America approximates hundreds of millions of dollars, but America imports more than half of its precious furs. Perhaps the dextrous little chinchilla will reverse the field, with the ladies on the sidelines cheering for a touchdown.

Charles Leanman has reported for newspapers in Memphis, Tennessee, and Mobile, Alabama, and now plies the trade of reporter in Los Angeles. He is the author of Baby Kitty's Diary, a column appearing in several Southern California papers.

NOT A HISS IN THE HOUSE

Voltaire's tragedy Zatre was a complete failure at its first presentation. As he was leaving the theatre, he met Piron, who was perhaps the last person he wanted to see at such a time. Wishing to conceal his vexation, Voltaire announced with false cheerful-

ness: "It's true that the piece did not seem to please, but at least they did not hiss me, eh?"

"My word!" said Piron,
"What do you want of them?
Impossible, utterly impossible
my friend to hiss and yawn at
the same time!"

-BARNETT KENDALL

The dark, tragic mood of the man, Abraham Lincoln, had its sparkling counterpart. His wit is well known, but there was so much of it that enough unremembered fragments are left over to provide these illuminating anecdotes to be added to humorous Lincolniana.

LINCOLN'S LIGHTER SIDE

General McClellan, impatient with the President's order that detailed reports from the front be dispatched to the White House without fail, sent him the following telegram:

President Abraham Lincoln Washington, D. C.

We have just captured six cows. What shall we do with them? George B. McClellan

Lincoln sent back the following immediate answer:

General George B. McClellan Army of the Potomac

As to the six cows captured—milk them.

A. Lincoln



ONE DAY a delegation called on Lincoln to ask him to appoint a certain person U. S. Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. Having emphasized the excellent qualifications of their candidate for the job, they added that he was a sick man and that the balmy climate of the South Seas would be good for his health.

"Gentlemen," replied the President, "I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."



A GENTLEMAN, making a call on Lincoln at the White House, asked him: "How many men do the rebels have in the field?" Without hesitation the President replied: "Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the visitor. "Yes, Sir," continued Lincoln, "twelve hundred thousand, no doubt of it! You see, all our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbered them three to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, and three times four make twelve—don't you see it?"

IF YOU COULD SELECT BUT ONE BOOK FOR THE EDUCATION OF A YOUNG MAN, THIS VOLUME WOULD BE A SHREWD CHOICE



FATHER OF BIOGRAPHY

by Louis Steele

It is gentlest irony that Plutarch, whose Parallel Lives, composed eighteen hundred years ago, made immortal the biographies of so many, should have left but the faintest traces of his own life-story. He was a Greek by birth, for he was born in Chaeronea, a small town in Boeotia, about the year 50 A.D. But he was a Roman subject, for Rome ruled Greece and most of the western world as well.

It was a strange world into which Plutarch had been born. The culture was the culture of Greece, but the rulers were the rulers of Rome; yet so deeply did the Romans respect that culture that the Roman empire employed both the Latin and the Greek languages.

Claudius was the emperor when Plutarch was born. He was a student in Athens when Nero visited Greece. He was a young man when the civil wars swept the empire and the cruel Domitian rose to the throne. Those who believe that our modern world is irretrievably lost should read of that unbelievably corrupt period in Roman history.

Precisely when he began to write his Lives is not known. One suspects that, having seen Rome and witnessed her corruption, he was inspired to set down a record of the Greece of the past and her great leaders and to compare them with the greatest of Romans. Christianity was spreading and the foundations of pagan society were crumbling. On Plutarch the new teachings had little effect but he may have seen what many see in our day: that the old order changeth. He composed one biography of a Greek, then a parallel biography of a Roman, and then drew a neat comparison between them. Therefore the title: Parallel Lives. But he did not knuckle under in describing the Romans; his Greeks were every whit as good or better.

THE MODERN reader approaching Plutarch's Lives asks skeptically, "What's great about him?" The attitude is understandable: Plutarch relates that, of Aristides the Just, one man complained bitterly. Aristides had done him no injury, he said, but he was tired of hearing him "everywhere called the Just."

But Plutarch is, first of all, a guide to antiquity, a source book, for much of the material we find in his pages is nowhere else available. Then, he is truly the father of biography, for it is he who has shown us the road to "vivid moral portraiture."

His object in his Lives is "to decipher the man and his nature," a motto which all good biography still follows. Indeed, he depicts the rough nature of Philip of Macedon in the single line where the king declares, "We Macedonians are rude folk. We call a spade a spade."

As he says in his essay on Alexander: "The noblest deeds do not always show virtues and vices; but oftentimes a light occasion, a word or some sport makes men's natural dispositions and manners appear more plain than the famous battles won wherein ten thousand men were slain." Besides, his style is precise and beautiful, and few have equalled him in the word-painting of great scenes.

Above all, his gift for anecdotage makes palatable the many morals he seeks to impress, so that they are easier to appreciate and to absorb. For example, his story of the man who boasted that he had no enemies, But the philosopher Clio inquired softly, "Have you a friend?" No amount of moralizing would bring the point home as effectively as that two-sentence anecdote.

There are many essays in his Moralia worth re-reading, such as his very modern Advice to Married Couples, the Dinner-Party of the Seven Sages, the pieces On Garrulousness, On the Genius of Socrates and On Superstition. But it is in the Lives that Plutarch reaches the highest point of his art. What scene is more vivid and touching than the parting of Brutus and Cassius, as he has described it in his Caesar? Or the last scene in young Cato's life; or the defeat and the end of Pompey; or the

picture of Cleopatra going out to meet Mark Antony; what tale has more charm than his story of the boy Alexander and the horse Bucephalus?

There is more than word-painting: there is suspense and character delineation and deft manipulation of the writer's loom to bring forth a literary textile of the highest quality. The Lives were one of the first of the ancient books to be translated into modern languages and their influence, if only because of priority, has been enormous. If one had to give a youth one book to study-and only one -there are many, well-read themselves, who would select Plutarch. As he makes Augustus say, "Young men, listen to an old man to whom old men listened when he was young."

Emerson said of Plutarch that he had a taste for the common life. Madame Roland called the Lives "a pasture of great souls." Montaigne considered Plutarch his breviary. Montesquieu praised him. Milton admired his libertarian ideas. Browning, Wordsworth—the list is endless. Shakespeare, of course, drew heavily upon him for the background of at least three of his plays, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra and Coriolanus, and for many items in his other works.

It is a pity that more is not known of this ancient author. However, this much is still true: in Plutarch's *Lives* Plutarch lives.

ONE IS COMPANY

A LEXANDER DUMAS the Elder was in great demand by the Parisian ladies who boasted of the elegant salons they conducted. Once, wishing to please an acquaintance, Dumas attended one of these gatherings where the successful came to parade their success and the failures came to plot their vengeance. It was all quite dull and after a tedious hour Dumas

went to the anteroom to get his cloak and leave. A young protégée of his hostess saw the famous writer about to depart. "Ah, M'sieu Dumas," he asked, "I hope you have not found the party boring."

"No, indeed," said Dumas, "but I shudder to think how boring I'd have found it had I not been there to keep myself amused."—ERNEST WALLIS

CARLETON SMITH'S CORNER

CORONETS:

To William Saroyan's My Name is Aram: Saroyanesque fantasy in fiction. For those who cannot see his plays.

To Ernest Bloch's Schelomo: a testimonial to the majesty of the Biblical Jew (Victor Album 698).

To Ethel Waters, abandoning herself to heaven, hell, and the common earth in *Cabin in the Sky:* her greatest performance.

To World in Flames, a compelling anthology of newsreel clips skillfully pieced together: naked history in the making.

To Our Future in Asia: facts you and I should ponder.

To André Kostelanetz for his Victor Herbert album (Columbia 415): a tribute and a re-creation with Kostelanetz precision, color, dynamics. To A Treasury of the World's Great Letters, ideal for your bedroom shelf.

THORNS:

To Helen Hayes for coming out of character to plug tea, however good.

To James C. Petrillo for stopping recording by the country's best orchestra, the Boston Symphony.

To the screen version of Pirandello's The Man Who Couldn't Say No: an impressive testimonial to the present state of the German film industry.

To well-meaning dopes who persist in wanting to send relief to France.

Ho! Hums:

Ziegfeld Girl: another long-winded, lifeless Hollywood musical, wasteful of time and talent.

Cole Porter's music for Panama

Hattie, diffuse and full of holes.

It Happens on Ice: an extravagant extravaganza demonstrating how little can happen on ice.

AGRICULTURAL NOTE:

A modern dairy near Pawling, New York, reports that cows milked to music produce more. Hit Parade gets the best results. The Woodpecker Song brought 14% more milk than Imagination. Pll Never Smile Again surpasses any previous tune with 20% increase.

STATISTICS SHOW:

Kay Kyser is the most popular band-leader on the air.

Jack Benny draws more listeners than Charlie McCarthy.

The blind are the best masseurs.

Slips of the tongue occur most frequently among left-handed people who try to become right-handed.

The most popular dramatic broadcasts are Lux Radio Theatre and One Man's Family.

INDIVIDUALISMS:

When he plays, Josef Hofmann puts cotton in his ears; it helps him concentrate.

Miriam Hopkins never makes an important decision without consulting her numerologist.

Nelson Eddy models clay nudes.

Madeleine Carroll has a beach home built in the shape of a ship; looking at the Pacific, you gaze through port-holes, not windows. STRICTLY INCIDENTAL:

A Nazi gauleiter is now quartered in Knute Rockne's birthplace in Voss, Norway.

Paulette Goddard is known as Hollywood's No. 1 Problem Girl; Mary Pickford as Beverly Hills' No. 1 Capitalist.

Depression counterpart of Wine, Woman and Song: Beer, Mama and the Radio.

Today's matinee idols are women: Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Gertrude Lawrence; the stage's last glamour boy with box-office draw was John Barrymore.

Metal curtain rods split in the center and hung along the top of curtains make excellent FM aerials.

Richard Wagner's only daughter, living in Bayreuth, is supported by a monthly allowance from friends in the United States.

Troops fighting in the Arabian desert have had to kill their camels, empty their stomachs, and drink the green water stored therein.

Lita Verdi, great grand-niece of Giuseppe, is preparing for a nightclub debut.

If you like to sing, recorded piano accompaniments are now available.

After Information, Please, most popular quiz shows are Battle of the Sexes and Truth or Consequences.

Most Hollywood Communists have butlers to run up the red flag.

The Cafe Pierre, New York society's pet rendezvous this season, was originally the hotel's ladies' room.



CORONET'S GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS

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DWARFED

HEIN GORNY, NEW YORK



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ROBERT M. METCALF, DAYTON, OHIO

MONT ST. MICHEL: HIGH TIDE



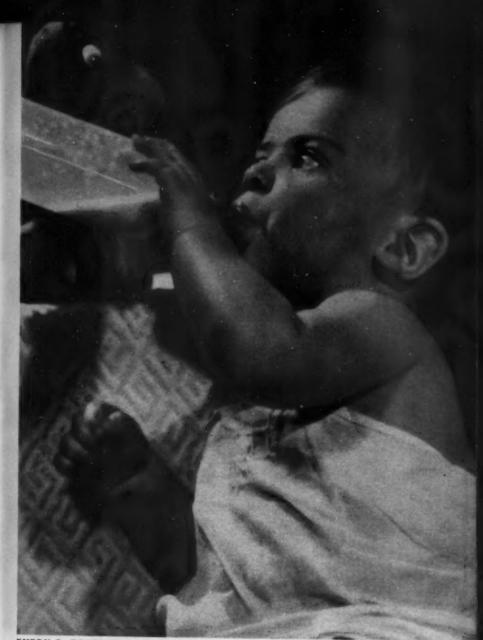
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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ, NEW YORK

FUN IN BED





EMERY P. REVES-BIRO, NEW YORK

PEST

SUCKLING

PEBRUARY, 1941 115





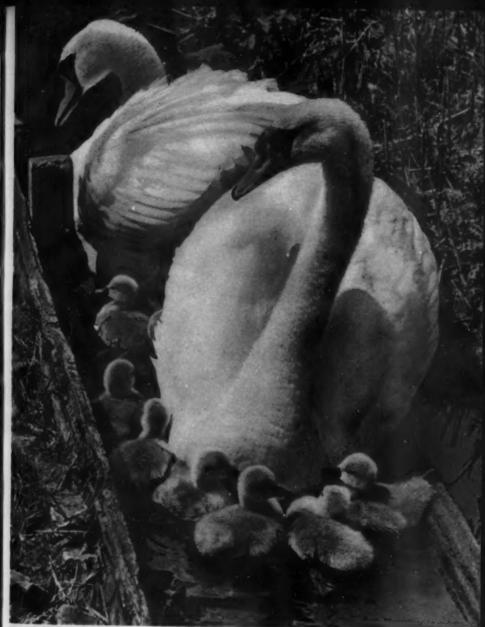
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MESS CALL



W. SUSCHITZKY, FROM PIX

CONVOY

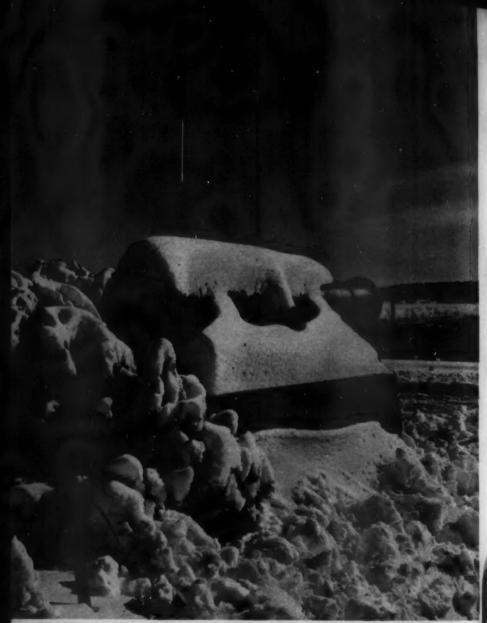


BURNING BRIGHT

FRED G. KORTH, CHICAGO



A. RAPHAEL MACPHERSON, CHICAGO EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT



WARS AGO

CY LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIF.





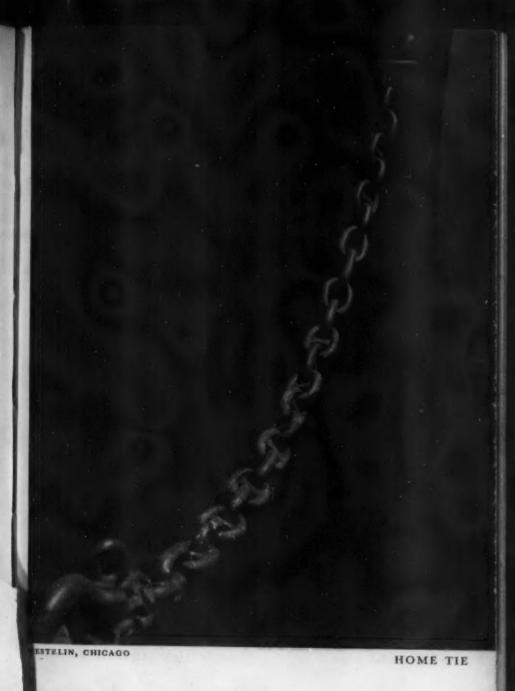






RECONNAISSANCE

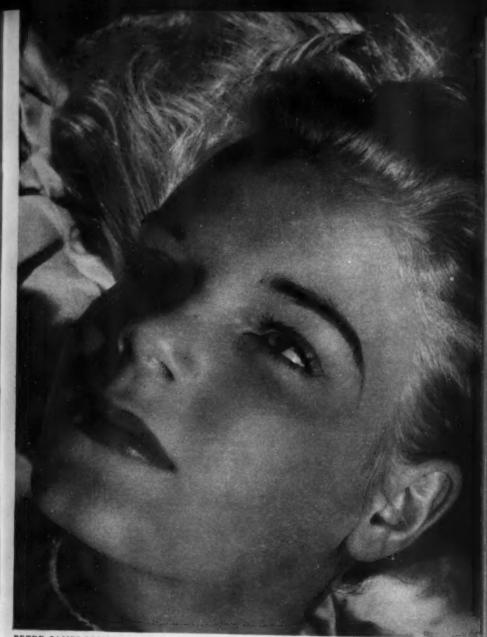






MIRTHQUAKE

BUDDY LONGWORTH, HOLLYWOOD



PETER JAMES SAMERJAN, HOLLYWOOD

OD

GOLDEN GIRL



DAYS BEYOND RECALL

BRASSAÏ, PARIS

130



BERKO, BOMBAY

ODALISQUE



SEATED GIRL BY MAILLOL

FEININGER, FROM BLACK STAR



ANDRÉ DE DIENES, NEW YORK

ORIENTALE



AFTERMATH

BRASSAÏ, PARIS



NARCEL GAUTHEROT, PARIS

MEXICAN MUMMER

PEBRUARY, 1941 135



LA SOURCE

KURZHALS, PROM VICTOR LEON KÁI



SNOWDROPS



SIDE SHOW

JEAN REISSMANN, PARIS



TOSSUP

PEBRUARY, 1941



ANCHOR AWEIGH

SIGWART BLUM, BUENOS AIRES

CORONET



KURT LUBINSKI, NEW YORK

WRONG NUMBER

FEBRUARY, 1941 141



SEA SUDS

FORSTENZER, FROM MONKMEYER

CORONET

THE COMPASS SPUN, THE WIND SHRIEKED AND THE WAVE ROLLED BACK INTO AN ANGRY WALL OF FOAM: A SHORT STORY



LONG AGO ISLAND

by Louis ZARA

L A RABIDA sits like a medieval barony on a rocky cliff over an inlet from the coast. Most of the fisher people live in huts and spindly shacks beneath the bluff. The finer homes, like two-tone squares of marmalade in the sun. are higher up on either side of the old monastery and its fields. Those who dwell in the city farther north, which takes most of our catch, say the village has an Upper Town and a Lower Town, a jest which the fishermen privately resent. The salt sea rolls in and the salt sea rolls out, the ebb and flood marking time for La Rabida with a surer chronometer than any mariner has yet devised.

It happened in La Rabida last May soon after I arrived for my annual stay there in the cottage behind the monastery school. The first afternoon I ventured out I

EYER

met Father Emile Marquis, a lean scholarly-looking man whom I have known twenty years.

"And still the earth trembles?" I said as I greeted him in the vineyard. That was our own jest, referring to his work as a seismologist.

He smiled, his friendly face shining under his widebrimmed black hat. "By the mercy of Heaven, she moves and she trembles!"

Together we strolled past the greening vines and down the old stone stair in the cliff.

"What has happened on our La Rabida since last fall?" I inquired casually. "Has the sea thrown up any new adventures?"

Father Marquis gave me a piercing look, his brows knit. He muttered to himself, clasped his hands before him as he led the way, his sandals flopping on the stones, his habit rustling. He shrugged. "An adventurer. A creature of the sea. The elder Jonas found him wandering along the rocks three mornings ago."

"From where does he come?"
We came down into the Lower
Town and walked among the
shacks. Near the boats the nets
were drying in the sun. The pungent odor of drying fish became
insistent in the warmth. The sea
swept in its own salty fragrance.

Father Marquis patted a child's head as we passed and sighed. "He is a stranger to all of us for fifty miles on either side of La Rabida. . . . As though the sea had thrown him up."

The elder Jonas' hut stood at the end of a battered pier which projected from the beach like a finger dipping into the sea. The fisherman, a brawny white-haired man with white mustaches and white eyebrows, trod forward, barelegged in the sand.

"He's in there, Father!" old Jonas shouted against the boom of the surf. "A-makin' a new chart."

As my eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the shack I made out the figure of the stranger as he sat bowed over the table, a compass in his hand.

He was a tall man, broad in the

shoulders, thick through the waist, with short arms and long sturdy legs. He had a massive head with a high forehead and prominent cheekbones, a heavy nose and a strong chin. His deepset eyes seemed to be glowing from hollows. His large hands were spread upon the parchment map, the fingers blunt, the thumbs spatulate.

He rose upon Father Marquis' entrance and his bulk filled the room. Swiftly the big hands moved as he crossed himself and bowed his head. His eyes lit up and a torrent of strangely musical words fell from his lips.

Father Marquis smiled. "He asks do we bring good tidings."

I felt a chill ripple down my back. The man's clothes were in tatters, but his bearing was imperious. "What language does he speak?"

My friend's eyes were pools of fire. "Old Castilian and Portuguese, Italian and that seaman's jargon that includes words from a dozen coasts."

The stranger looked at us and tears came into the corners of his eyes. He opened his coat and took a heavy gold chain from about his neck.

"He beseeches our help," Father Marquis explained. "For a boat, for men, for provisions. Perhaps now he will tell us what he wants with them."

The man's eyes flashed. He seized Father Marquis and sat him in his chair. He gestured me to sit on a stool. Then standing, he began to speak, his voice and eyes charged with emotion, his hands trembling. Father Marquis translated as he went on:

"We sailed out from the gates of a land that had disowned us, a handful of men in a little sailing ship. Where we were bound we knew not. We had our dreams: that alone no one could take away, and food and water for thirty-six days. And we headed west into the sun, for we had few charts. Before the thirtieth day we suffered thirst, for the water was brackish. By the fortieth we knew bitter hunger, too. We entered a belt of storms where torrents of rain fell and the wind cracked our mast and ripped our stays. Somehow we kept afloat.

"Then the compass spun dizzily and we were off our course, and what is so pitiful as a ship that is at the mercy of wind and current? Mists and fogs surrounded us and the very air became suffocating. There was neither day nor night, and in their delirium the hunger-

crazed men fell upon one another and fought like madmen. Then the fog was suddenly dissipated, the sea was rolling gently and there, on the seventieth day, we sighted land.

"A horde of unkempt wild-eyed creatures, we lined the deck and wept at the sight. It seemed to have arisen out of the sea, a long rugged plain, clad in a bluish green. The sky was cloudless blue, the waters green. The waves raced ahead of us as we made for the land.

"It was good land, rich, lush. With hoarse cries we fell upon the wild fruits that grew here in abundance. We drank from the springs until our throats were raw. In our exhilaration we marched up and down upon that beach until we fell exhausted upon the sand. The next day a small party ventured inland. We saw no signs of human inhabitants. What more could we ask? We knelt upon the earth and thanked Heaven for its mercy. I called the place 'Refugo.' For were we who had fled here not refugees from a mad world?

"'Ten thousand times better,' we agreed, 'to perish freemen at the birth of a new world than to be crushed ignominiously at the nauseous death of the old.'

"We built our colony in sight

of the sea and above the estuary of a great river that flowed here. We cleared fields and planted a few simple crops. We built huts.

"Had we been wise we would have been content with our lot. But man lives not in the present alone: his past tugs at him like a long leash in hidden hands. Whenever we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune we remembered the misery of the thousands who had crowded the quay when we sailed from that last port. Then our navigator, who had been making observations of the sun and the stars, announced that he had determined our latitude and longitude. After that the braver hearts spoke openly of their desire to return for all those who would dare the journey to this new island. We had forgotten the fierce hatred and inhumanity from which we ourselves had fled upon the sea.

"WE HAD meant to return quietly; but what craft, however mean and despised, ever sailed into a harbor unnoticed? No sooner was it known that we had discovered a new land than we were hailed and feted by the very people who had hounded us before. The authorities remembered that we had once been nationals of this state: therefore what we had discovered belonged to them. Suddenly we saw our mistake. It was too late.

"Still we kept our faith. We assembled three vessels for the second expedition to Refugo and got several hundred of our people to come with us. But the King's men crowded the quarterdeck and they carried chains and knouts.

"Dark were our thoughts as the ships' prows headed west. We ran into furious thunderstorms where the lightning fell like streamers from a comet and black hail the size of eggs cut our sails to ribbons. Again we were driven off our course till our water ran low and the food failed us. One vessel foundered and two ships carried the burden of three. Now the chains were brought out, now the knouts cracked: now the pretense was no more. We ran into ice and the second ship rammed a white mountain. This time the captain of the surviving vessel would not turn back.

"What is there to say? The beast walked the quarterdeck and reveled below and the god of the wind and the storm passed over lightly. We came to the same mists and fogs we had encountered on the first voyage and such scenes were enacted as nightmares are made of; and still a few survived.

"Again one morning the sea was clear and on the horizon lay Refugo. The ship sped on, the land growing brighter and brighter. Suddenly the lookout uttered a shriek. We stared at the horizon. Was that Refugo trembling like a shadow on a wall? The sea roared and a huge wave was catapulted from the coast and swept toward us. A tidal wave!

"Men scampered up the shrouds as though they could thus escape. I hardly knew it but I climbed with them. The wave mounted higher and higher. Beyond it, between the tidal wave and the shore, the vast naked bosom of the sea was exposed. I blinked—it could not be true. But the waters were drawn back as though pulled away by some tremendous magnet, and hundreds of bare rocks and peaks stood revealed.

"Little figures were falling from the masts. Terrifying cries and a horrible creaking, and the wave engulfed us. I was flung headlong over the waters. Darkness. I heard a whistling, then a hammering at my eardrums. Something struck at my chest. My mouth filled and my teeth ached. I was lying in the chasm, and it was rocking violently.

"There was a new roaring sound. My pulses throbbed wildly.

It was the sea returning! A wall of foaming water was rolling back. For the fraction of a second it hung above me. I remember a swift prayer that it should congeal there. Then it broke. I shouted.

"Why did I live when so many others perished? Why does anyone live when another dies? Yet in the midst of this terror the ship's boat with three of my men in it picked me up. We fell on our knees and clung to one another, trembling as the great foaming waves lifted the craft, tossed it aside, and churned higher and higher to sweep with majestic fury toward Refugo. I seized an oar and rowed desperately. There was a loud sucking noise as though a prehistoric creature had swallowed a horrible morsel. The sea boiled and I was thrown against the gunwale. When I got up again I was alone in the boat. Refugo? It was gone. As far as the eye could see, the waves were running on and on, smoothly across a waste of waters."

TEARS streamed down the seaman's cheeks. He fell on his knees and kissed Father Marquis' hands.

"Help me, Father!" he entreated.

"The sea is greedy," Father

Marquis said softly. "Refugo went down into the sea from whence it came."

The massive head shook stubbornly. "No, no! It lies out there, out there, waiting—"

It was past midnight when there was a pounding on my cottage door. The fisherman Jonas stood on the threshold: The stranger had left in Jonas' boat. "Father Marquis says to come."

I hurried down the stone steps in the cliff. On the horizon the old moon was setting. On the beach Father Marquis stood looking out toward sea.

"Ah, the man was touched," I said.

Father Marquis recoiled. "Men have always tried to escape the horrors of this world—into some blessed isle!"

"It is because you know of seaquakes and-"

"No!" he retorted. "Because I have faith. Refugos there must always be. The world cannot go

on without them. Atlantis and all the Islands of the Blessed. Were they all dreams, all myths, all legends?" He clenched his fists about his beads. "There will never be an end to them. The very sea that swallows one Refugo must bring forth another as long as earth is earth and men are barbarians!"

I stood there at La Rabida, silently watching the silver of the moon on the dark sea.

"Still the man was not of our times," I murmured. "His speech, his dress, his story—"

Father Marquis shuddered. "To a soul on a great mission the peace of centuries is not given." He raised his voice above the booming of the surf and gave his blessing. "Godspeed, stranger! To you and to the spirits like yours who have given their lives to find each blessed isle. The Lord of the Wind and the Storm, of the Earth and the Sea guide you safely—to Refugo!"

ANSWERS TO PICTORIAL QUIZ

Here are the answers to the quiz on pages 75-77, Can You Remember a Face? On page 75 appeared fifteen faces which were reproduced a second time

on pages 76 and 77. These fifteen faces, representing the correct answers, are identified by the following: 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 13, 17, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27 and 29. The individuals described here evidently became tired of waiting for opportunity to haul off and deliver that long-deferred knock. So they rolled up their shirt-sleeves, dusted the cobwebs out of their minds and got busy. In each instance, something happened. Something always does when one puts together that unbeatable, and all too seldom used, combination of original thinking and old-fashioned elbow-grease.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT

CUSTOMERS OF a Baltimore butcher shop were astonished one day to find a new department there. It was a counter displaying a mouth-watering assortment of home-made cakes, cookies, breads, rolls and pies-the project of three women, each a specialist in one kind of home baking. From the beginning, the bakery counter was successful. They hired a girl to wait on trade and take orders; they paid the butcher a small sum in rent. Their prices were the same as in other bakeshops, but their business grew because all of their assortment was home-made and fragrantly fresh. And already the Bakers Three, as they call themselves, are thinking of branching out. They have been making inquiries about leasing departments in other shops in the same city-figuring that the proprietor can afford to give them the space at a low rental because of the additional people they will bring into his store.



ALL HER life she had sewed for her family. Now Mrs. E. R. Defoe found herself alone in the world with her living to earn—and only her needle to help her. She thought of the thousands of bachelors in New York with socks that needed darning, buttons that needed sewing on, and other clothing repairs that a skilled needlewoman could make. Through clubs and apartment hotels she found customers. For a small sum each week—

based on the amount of work to be done and the size of the wardrobe she took complete charge of a man's wearing apparel. She is kept busy.



WHEN YOU draw those funny looking curliques on your memo pad while preoccupied with a telephone conversation, what is your Subconscious thinking of? What is the significance of these "doodles"? Questions like this suggested an unusual source of income to one enterprising fellow. His recent ad in a New York newspaper read: "Pencil doodles analvzed. You, employers, friends, reveal much daily through favorite doodle. Individual analysis (50c) indicates handling their idiosyncracies, habits, dislikes. S. Ochs, Elizabeth Street, Arverne, Queens."



When Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Wiggam went to the country last summer they went for a vacation. Actually, their holiday resulted in a new and remunerative business which now enables them to live in the countryside they love. The Wiggams were hairdressers whose city shop had been destroyed by fire. Undecided as to what to do, they went ahead with their

vacation trip, and on the third day Miriam Wiggam reported to her husband that women complained about having to drive fifty miles to the city to be shampooed and manicured. "These are natives," she explained, "not tourists." That gave them an idea they were quick to try out. In a hotel serving four small towns they rebuilt two rooms into a beauty salon. In a hotel in the adjoining county they converted a large room to serve their needs. They spend four days each week in one shop-two in the other. Their appointment books at both places are always well filled.



Whenever L. R. Brown, of Cleveland, sees a new or well-cared-forauto he knows the owner is a prospect for his one-man business—the painting of names and initials on car doors. He looks for his customers on the streets and carries his workshop in a small hand kit. For seventy-five cents he uses any color a customer wants; for a dollar he paints with gold leaf. In his sales talk he appeals to pride in name and ownership, points out the convenience of having the car quickly and attractively identifiable.

Readers are invited to contribute to "There's Money in It." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. NOW THAT HOLLYWOOD HAS REFORMED, AT LEAST IN ITS TASTE, IT IS LEADING THE PUBLIC TO BETTER HOME-MAKING



LIFE IS LIKE THE MOVIES

by MARTIN LEWIS

In old-time movies the aim of the set designer, generally speaking, was lavish display. Hollywood decoration became a symbol of the garish and the vulgar. Nothing was beautiful unless it was big. Chief articles of home furnishing were marble bathtubs and plush drapes.

All that is not yet past. During the last decade, however, most Art Directors have reversed their approach. They no longer want to show the public something beyond its reach, something utterly different from home and workaday surroundings. Nor do they want to show things as they commonly are, except in tenement films where realism is requisite. Most Art Directors aim, at present, to stay a little ahead of the public, to lead the public toward better and more beautiful living.

For this, they have the greatest instrument ever controlled by a group of designers. They have a sample medium that is viewed by millions every week.

In the routine list of screen credits that precedes every motion picture is a line identifying the Art Director. The average movie goer has seen the names of Cedric Gibbons, Van Nest Polgase, Jack Otterson, and their conferers, hundreds of times. These gentlemen have probably had a more direct effect on his daily surroundings than Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and the entire Hollywood galaxy. Yet the movie goer would be hard put to it to define the Art Director's job.

At some studios, and on some pictures, the job consists not only of designing buildings, rooms, landscapes, in period style and in

a manner that suggests the characters who live and move in these settings, but of sketching out almost frame by frame-as for an animated cartoon-the way the people will move about in these settings, the way the light will strike them, the pictorial compositions their postures may form. William Menzies, designer of Gone With the Wind, and the more recent Flotsam, is one of the most famous practitioners of this detailed compositional art. The highly atmospheric Informer was designed in such a way.

The average picture, however, concerns the Art Director only to the point of providing settings. And these men, collectively, are making America home conscious. They have bred a constantly increasing desire for beauty, comfort and utility in our physical surroundings. They have educated the public taste to the point where the smallest urban communities now boast Interior Decorator services in connection with their department stores.

AFTER THE ERA of garish gargantuanism, there came to films a hiatus when all the world was pictured as inhabiting chrome-plated penthouses. The difference between a business office and a nightclub setting, in those movies, was indicated by the substitution of a cigarette girl for a stenographer. This over-emphasis on the modern did result in cracking the homeowner's resistance to modern furniture. And after the period of extremism, modernity became a method rather than a style: an emphasis on simplicity, on cleancut pattern, on pure forms, an abhorrence of knobs, scrolls, fringes, and tassels.

Van Nest Polgase comments on the fact that good modern pieces can now be bought out of stock in most furniture stores, whereas a few years ago they had to be custom-built. His own romantically modern settings for the Astaire-Rogers pictures had a great effect on public acceptance of modern.

When people saw Louis XIV palaces, in the movies, they had, fortunately, no desire to copy them. But when they began to see small-town homes, not so different from their own, but with streamlined electric kitchens, and glass-walled showers in the bathrooms, they began to ask "Where can we buy it?" Increasing numbers of letters are received by the studios, asking for everything from the floor-plans of Shangri-La to the price of a certain chintz cover-

ing on a sofa in Susan and God.

The Art Directors conscientiously attempt to fulfill every request. Jack Otterson of Universal Studios finds that every new type of window-drape or window treatment is immediately spotted by the customers, who want to know how to imitate same. He is rather glad of this, because he feels that the Venetian blind fad—also started by the movies—was too intensely accepted, with fashionable blinds obstructing many a wonderful view.

MR. OTTERSON has a few essential pointers, for those who want to know where the movies are leading them. First, he believes that most homes are overloaded with furniture. There is something more livable about the under-furnished home. People, rather than objects, are in focus.

In films, of course, there is a specific reason for underfurnishing. Actors must have space. This accounts not only for under-furnishing but for over-scaling of rooms.

And the over-size impulse of Hollywood architecture has not been without its happy effect, though some of the Grand Central Station drawing rooms have verged on the ridiculous. Film spaciousness has caused many a city dweller to tire of the cramped apartment, to demand larger dimensions in rooms, has caused many a home-builder to add inches to bathrooms, closets.

Otterson is not only for less furniture, bigger rooms. He is for fewer pictures. Many people, he points out, ruin a carefully designed room by indiscriminately sticking up photographs of people and places, cherished for sentimental reasons. He suggests that one or two rooms in a house be selected for this purpose. "There, the walls can be covered with photos, mementos, trophies."

He points out that motion pictures have brought wide understanding of the basic unity necessary in room decoration. Most people now know that a room should have a single key-center, or high spot of interest, instead of being a random collection of objects which fight one another for attention. The key-center may be a piece of furniture, a fireplace, a window. Unity is attained by taking the color tones and the main forms for the furnishings from this center of attention.

The objects in the room should be grouped in such a way that they lead the eye, naturally, to this center. Most obviously, for instance: if the fireplace is used as such a center, sofas, chairs in the room should be so placed that while they do not necessarily face the fireplace, they do not face directly away from it. Persons sitting anywhere in the room should be able to feel themselves included in the group around the fireplace.

A vase on the mantel, or perhaps a hearth-rug, may give the color-key to the room. Otterson does not favor a painting for this purpose. A good piece of sculpture, not necessarily associated with fireplace or window or any structural part of a room, may in itself serve as a key-center.

Wall treatments offer ripe fields for originality, at present. Lamps, taking the place of lighting fixtures, have cleared modern walls of protruding brackets, leaving the space clear. A sculptured relief panel is suggested by Jack Otterson as a possible wall-motif for urban apartments. This idea has been used successfully in recent films. And there is really no law that requires people to use the same paint or paper on all four walls of a chamber. One, for instance, may be papered, while the others are painted. This effect can be studied in a recent film, Hired Wife. Another enlivening trick is to paint the side of the room that faces the windows a darker shade than the other walls.

For floor treatment, Otterson favors the all-over carpet, with throw rugs or hooked rugs for relief. He likes to pattern his rooms to repeat color-tones in the wallpaper, or in the drapes, rather than to such superficial ornamentation as paintings. A drape material may be repeated in the covering of a piece of furniture, a drape-color may be matched in a small rug.

Very often, the Art Director will buy up old style pieces of furniture, strip them down to the frames, which have good, clean forms. The pieces are then recovered with modern fabric. Thus, a Victorian frame may blossom out in bright chintz, instead of its traditional dull velour.

Occasionally, a film will set off a small boom for a certain type of furniture. The Honolulu bungalow scene in Deanna Durbin's It's a Date exhausted the cane furniture stocks of department stores all over the country. Mgm's When Ladies Meet started a rush on early American pieces in 1933, a movement that really never subsided. The Merry Widow popularized a stylized, simplified baroque.

As people grow more and more

imitative of the movies, the Art Directors become increasingly conscientious about their leadership. Sometimes the requirements of a script will demand that a set be done in bad taste, to express the predilections of some character. The Great McGinty made such a requirement on the staff of Paramount. They solved it by a series of gorgeous caricatures of politicians' offices with bulky, carved furniture, stained glass windows. No one would think of imitating those settings.

MGM's staff did a more subtle job in Susan and God. The chaotic state of mind of the characters was suggested by a rather wild assemblage of furniture-styles. Ornate Italian mirrors hung over elegant French dressing-tables. Flowery iron chairs mingled with custom-built modern pieces. Yet so skillfully was all this done that there was a harmony of taste that drew the entire house into a unit.

It is, of course, impossible to make a thumb list rule of styles that do and styles that don't go together. Queene Anne won't ride with Louis XIV; Early American combines nicely with Victorian. These things sometimes depend on spacing, on architecture—in Susan and God, everything blended by a miracle of sensitivity.

MGM reports another interesting problem: that of suggesting the dull average. The Hardy home, for instance, is so exactly like the usual, tasteless, middleclass home that nobody writes in about it.

The quickest effect of films on decoration has been in the field of knickknacks. Van Nest Polgase likes to tell how he started the ship-model craze by persistently spotting miniature sailboats on mantel-pieces, in a series of pictures. Now, he is considering a very attractive little brass cannon as a household ornament. It is to be hoped, however, that the cannon won't become quite as universal a fixture as the stiff-sailed, gaudy horrors that stemmed from the first, authentic ship-models.

Many art directors come to Hollywood from stage-designing careers, though all are quick to point out that the two crafts have little in common. Painting is closer to motion picture design. Although the field is anything but overcrowded, there is no specialized training school for art directors. Jack Otterson suggests general courses in design as the foundation, then some study of architecture, of interior decoration, of period styles. His own case is curious, for Mr. Otterson is that rare

thing in Hollywood—the son of a very high studio executive, with no need at all for the weight of family influence.

A course in the Yale School of Fine Arts, a series of scholarshipwins, including special honorable mention for the coveted Prix de Rome, color-decoration work on the Empire State Building, years of painting studio backdrops, brought him on his way to the top spot in the studio's art department.

Otterson typifies the leadership in his profession in that he realizes the film has become the showcase for American home-builders. This new type of motion picture designer aims to take the curse off Hollywood taste, to show the world a more beautiful way to live.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

YARL MICHAEL BELLMAN, the famous Swedish poet of the eighteenth century, was for a long time a favorite of King Gustavus III. The Swedish monarch for a time employed Bellman as his secretary to draw up important state addresses. But one day the King was affronted by some candid remark made by the Rabelaisian poet and he commanded Bellman to leave his presence never to return. However, the King sorely missed the services of his erstwhile secretary and only his ego prevented him from asking the poet to return.

One day on the way to the parade grounds, the King passed the house where Bellman lived. To his astonishment he saw a ladder extending from the ground to the second story apartment of the poet. On the ladder stood a barber who was shaving the poet's face which was protruding from the window. The King stopped and shouted up at the poet, "Bellman! What does this mean? Why is the barber standing on top of a ladder in order to shave you?"

"Because, Your Majesty," replied the poet, "he has said something to anger me and I have banished him from my rooms. But he is such a damned good barber that I cannot do without his services."

The King laughed and the next day Bellman received an invitation to resume his work in the palace.

-LESTER HIRST

Washington In the fall of and the Sachem 1770, Colonel George Wash-

ington left Mount Vernon with his friend Dr. Craik and a retinue of hunters, woodsmen and slaves to explore the regions of the Kanawha River in western Virginia.

Dr. Craik later told the story of how one day a group of Indians appeared in the camp. They were led by the Grand Sachem who had been at the head of the Indian warriors at the defeat of General Braddock fifteen years previously, and who now wished to pay his respects to his former foe.

The Sachem recognized Washington immediately, although he had seen him only once before through the smoke of battle. But he behaved in a strange manner: although perfectly at ease with Washington's entourage, he withdrew in awe when the Colonel offered his hand to him. At dinner the Sachem was seated next to Washington, but he refused to touch his food. It was only after the table had been cleared that the Sachem addressed Washington:

"I first beheld the pale-faced chief many moons ago, when the white man's blood ran like a stream into the Great River. On that day I ordered my warriors to take aim at the fearless rider who bore his chief's commands: we shot two horses under him and our bullets seemed to pierce his body, yet the man did not fall. You cannot die in battle! The Great Spirit protects you from harm. Listen to my prophecy:

"You will become the greatest chief these plains and mountains have ever seen; the head of a nation yet unborn; the founder of a mighty empire!"

Never, during his long military career, and in spite of his contempt for danger, had Washington ever received the slightest wound. In 1753, at Murdering Town, a treacherous Indian guide fired at him point blank from a distance of fifteen steps and missed him. In 1755 he was the only aidede-camp of General Braddock who escaped without injury the massacre on the Monongahela, although he was constantly in the thick of the battle. In the battles of Princeton, Georgetown, and Monmouth he exposed himself to great danger; on one occasion a cannonball struck at his horse's feet, throwing the dirt in his face. Yet death in battle always shunned him; nor did he ever receive any physical injury—as if in fulfillment of the Sachem's proph--L. C. TIHANY ecy.

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